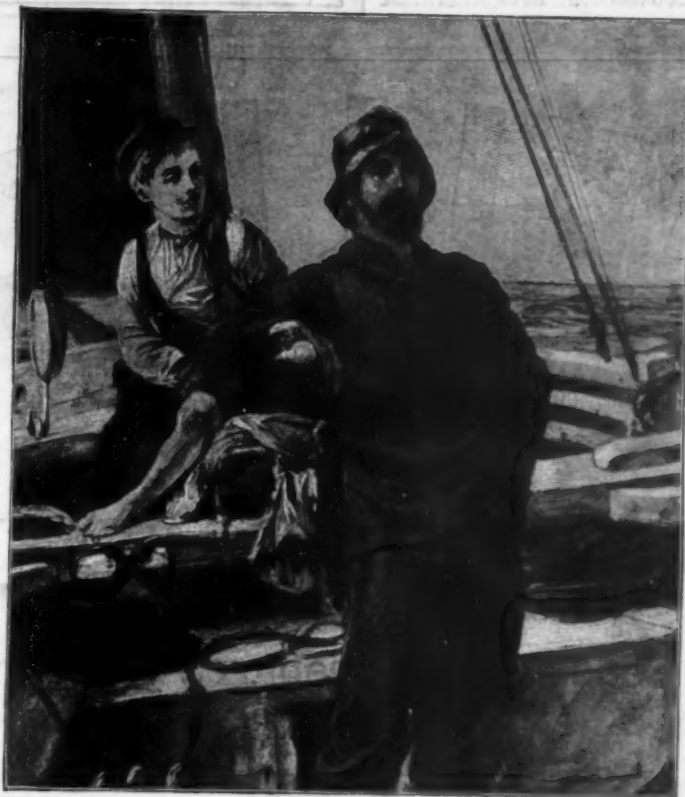


THE LEISURE HOUR



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FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

THE WRECK OF THE *MINOTAUR*.

CYNTHIA.

BY CHARLES LEE, AUTHOR OF "PAUL CARAH," ETC.



"WHERE BE THE YOUNG CHAP?"

CHAPTER X.—ON THE BEACH.

ONE evening the colony was mustered in force at the Wilingtons'. Jack Gibbs, arriving late, deposited a black, bulbous banjo-case on the piano.

"I'm going to yowl this evening, Mrs. Wilington, if you don't mind," he said cheerfully.

Mrs. Wilington's lips expressed ecstatic gratification; her eyes unmitigated terror.

"Just got the latest song down from town," Jack continued. "The very latest, I assure you. Everybody's singing it. I don't know it very well yet, but no beastly pride among friends. It's a fine song."

"Comic?" asked Wilington politely. "Comic, of course."

Jack showed an unexpected sensitiveness.

"Why 'of course'?" he complained in ruffled tones. "Mayn't a fellow be serious sometimes? Comic?—no. Comic songs are 'off' with me. Despairing devotion—you know the feeling; ardent, timid youth pining in secret for the love of a haughty damsel. Sort of song you serve your heart up with. Stirs you to your very boots. Say the word, please, when you want to be harrowed."

"We shall be delighted—presently," said Mrs. Wilmington, eying the banjo-case with ill-concealed aversion. There was evidently something very formidable about Jack as a vocalist. Maurice, standing near, heard her murmur to her husband:

"This is dreadful! How can we stop him?"

Jack Gibbs with a fixed purpose was not easy to stop. The banjo was out already, its melancholy tinkle resounding as Jack tuned the strings. Is there any musical instrument with less gaiety in it than the banjo? Perverse fate has associated with negro minstrelsy what the fitness of things would reserve for midnight dirges. Doleful resignation settled on Mrs. Wilmington's face.

A knock came at the door. Mrs. Wilmington went out, and returned beaming.

"Put on your hats and wraps, everybody!" she cried with animation. "Mr. Blewett has come to invite us down to the beach. A most interesting sight, which we have all wanted to see—a catch of pilchards. It's the great night of the year, Mr. Blewett says, and we mustn't miss it on any account."

"H'm; might be amusing," said Brent.

"Our worthy friends will be gratified," said Harry Wilmington, "if we put in an appearance. I think we might go."

"But my song first; hey, Mrs. Wilmington?" exclaimed Jack, striking a seductive chord.

"Afterwards, please, Mr. Gibbs—afterwards," she replied hurriedly, and led the way out of the room. Whether without the imminent fear of the banjo she would have been so ready to break up the gathering was a matter for grave doubt.

Hats and wraps were donned, the ladies exchanged their slippers for shoes, and the party descended the hill, Mr. Blewett swinging a lantern ahead, for the night was pitch dark. Jack Gibbs seized Maurice's arm, and they dropped behind.

"I say, old man," Jack murmured confidentially; "you won't mind, will you?—but you've been given a fair start, and you're not going to have it your own way any longer."

"What do you mean?" asked Maurice stiffly.

Jack wagged a reproachful head. "Over a week!" he said. "Nobody has ever succeeded in keeping it up so long at a stretch. It's getting serious. No ill-feeling, you know; but henceforth"—he tapped his breast—"behold in me a rival!"

Maurice laughed. One could not remain offended with Jack.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I behold in you nothing of the sort. How often am I to tell you I haven't the least intention of—what you're hinting at?"

Jack regarded him incredulously.

"Oh, well," he said; "if you choose to keep tight about it. I only wanted to warn you. Fair play, you know."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Maurice impatiently. "I tell you there's not the least intention—"

Jack pinched his arm.

"Flesh and blood, as I thought," he said. "You needn't be so close about it among friends. Well, I've warned you." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "That song—I open the campaign with it. It was only sent down to me yesterday, and as soon as I had looked over it the inspiration came. I tell you, it fits the case exactly—might have been written for me. I've been practising hard at it ever since. You know, she—she adores music. I've heard her describe how it carries her beyond herself; a fellow might have a chance, tackling her that way. I don't think I sing it badly. I've got the proper feeling on tap, anyhow—feel quite choky before I'm half through with it. The result is a kind of hoarse tremolo, which rather improves the effect, I think. And in the last verse there's a hint of a pallid corpse, to minor discords in the bass. That ought to move her, hey?"

"My dear Gibbs," said Maurice, forcing seriousness, "you have my best wishes."

Jack suddenly sank into dismal reflection.

"Gibbs!" he exploded suddenly, after a dozen silent paces. "Upon my word, I believe Gibbs is at the bottom of it all! It's like throwing a brick at a girl. Gibbs! Mrs. Gibbs! Doesn't seem to fit somehow, does it? What's in a name? There's too much in mine—or too little. Call a rose after me, and it might smell as sweet, but you'd grin when you looked at the label."

He sighed, and relinquished Maurice's arm. At intervals he was heard to mutter in tones of savage self-abasement:

"Gibbs! . . . The amorous Gibbs! . . . The tragic Gibbs! . . . The forlorn and eloquent Gibbs!"

There was bustle about the village shop. A stream of people was flowing in and emerging with great slabs of salt. Every face was bright, and much laughter was heard. At the top of the beach a crowd of women was gathered, and tongues were wagging. Our Ben had fifteen thousand at a brave guess; Ellen's Joe had at least twenty, without counting the heap thrown overboard before the boat could safely hoist sail. And the buyer had been telegraphed for, and the steamer would be round to-morrow morning. And oh! if only the seine-boat had been ready! But thank the Lord there would be bread and fish in the children's mouths all the winter.

Mr. Blewett steered the visitors through the throng, and shepherded them on a little emi-

nence. They gazed into a darkness through which lanterns floated mysteriously, and white jackets hurried aimlessly to and fro. A brisk wind was blowing inshore; a flinging, roaring sea seemed to be crying thieves and murder at the fishermen. About a rock at the entrance of the cove a grey hissing spectre rose and sank to herald every wave-clap on the beach. With the wind came a fresh, sweet sea-smell, slightly tainted in whiffs by an odour of paraffin from a lamp below. Some half-dozen boats lay stranded at the water's edge, and a cluster of swaying lights beyond marked the presence of others, waiting for room on the narrow beach. Now and then one had a glimpse of a furtive cat, slinking down for rapine. Men approached each other, peering, with a tentative—"Hullo! That you, Johnny? . . . Ess; Jacky, b'lieve?"

A boat was hauled up past them, a dozen men clinging about its sides. One in front had a rope from the stem over his shoulder, and was tugging with his face nearly to the ground. His left arm hugged a lantern to his breast, his task being to guide the boat over the "ways," or timber rollers laid at intervals before it. The light from the lantern caught here a face, there a trunk, or an elbow, or one leg to the neglect of its fellow, making hunchbacks, cripples, miracles of ugliness of the straightest and comeliest. "Haul—up with her! Haul—up with her!" came from a dozen gasping throats, all the white jackets swinging forward in time; till with a supreme effort and a confused shout of "Up, up, up!" they fairly ran away with the boat to her allotted station.

The artist in Jack Gibbs, deeply stirred, sent forth a plaint on the darkness.

"Oh! why am I not Rembrandt?"

The pictorial possibilities of the scene were discussed among the group. Such talk at such a time completed their isolation.

Lanterns converged from all directions in the track of the hauled-up boat; the ways were sought for and found, and set in fresh places. The men thronged down to the water's edge, and a second boat was laboriously drawn up to its place beside the first. A third and a fourth followed. Men rested, panting, and were summoned to fresh exertions before breath returned to them. The thick darkness shut in the scene with its moving lights and figures; the insistent roar of the sea filled the air like a tangible presence; and somehow, in the darkness and uproar, the business of grievous muscular toil took majestic proportions in Maurice's eyes. The men loomed bigger, grew Titanic in their struggle for a few shining fish. He was ready to doubt the existence of a world beyond this world in brief, with its toilers and lookers-on. They were adrift together in dark space. And it was hard to stand idle in the midst of violent exertion; he was angry with his weedy frame and undeveloped muscles; he was man incomplete and degenerate; the desire obsessed him to tug at ropes, to feel his sinews crack, to taste the delicious pain of physical

fatigue, and to master it as it grew by banishing all thought and feeling; and becoming an unconscious machine—an automaton to pull and push, pull and push, until the last gasp.

And the others? Ethel Ralston and Mrs. Wilmington, their interest soon exhausted, were talking *chiffons*. Brent, with a fixed and extremely inappropriate smile on his face, was listening to Dora Murdoch's earnest discourse on the dignity of labour, in which Maurice was annoyed at tracing a sentimental burlesque of his own thoughts. Wilmington was bidding Otto Trist note certain effects of artificial light. Mr. Blewett, in his capacity of guide, was explaining the whole art of pilchard catching and curing to Jack Gibbs, who betrayed his profound interest by sundry yawns and grunts. Cynthia and Forester had stood in silence for a time, until she had addressed him with a sudden inquiry as to the meaning of some manœuvre with the boats. Then his face had lit up; he had answered eagerly, and now he was naming the men as they passed, with little details of their history. Cynthia was listening intently, but she did not forget to draw her skirts about her when a tarry jacket approached too near.

There were shouts for help from below. The biggest and most heavily loaded of the boats was resisting all efforts to move it. More men came hurrying from above, and slowly and painfully the big boat was hauled up the beach. In a line with the group of onlookers a pause was made for rest. One man held his lantern high in the air, and the two parties surveyed each other curiously. The contrast—the essential contrast of Tregurda—flashed before one. The light shone on the dainty evening dresses of the ladies, only half hidden by their cloaks and wraps, and on the white shirt-fronts of the gentlemen, ironically selecting for special notice the diamond solitaire that sparkled in the bosom of Jack Gibbs, whose aspirations after correctness were tempered by a natural luxuriance of taste. And it shone, too, on red, hairy faces, streaming with sweat, and chests that heaved tumultuously, and all manner of uncouth garments, multitudinously patched, and indescribably grimy.

A man hailed William John Blewett, and bade him come and lend a hand.

"And Mr. Forester, too!" cried a voice. "Edn' he coming to help we?"

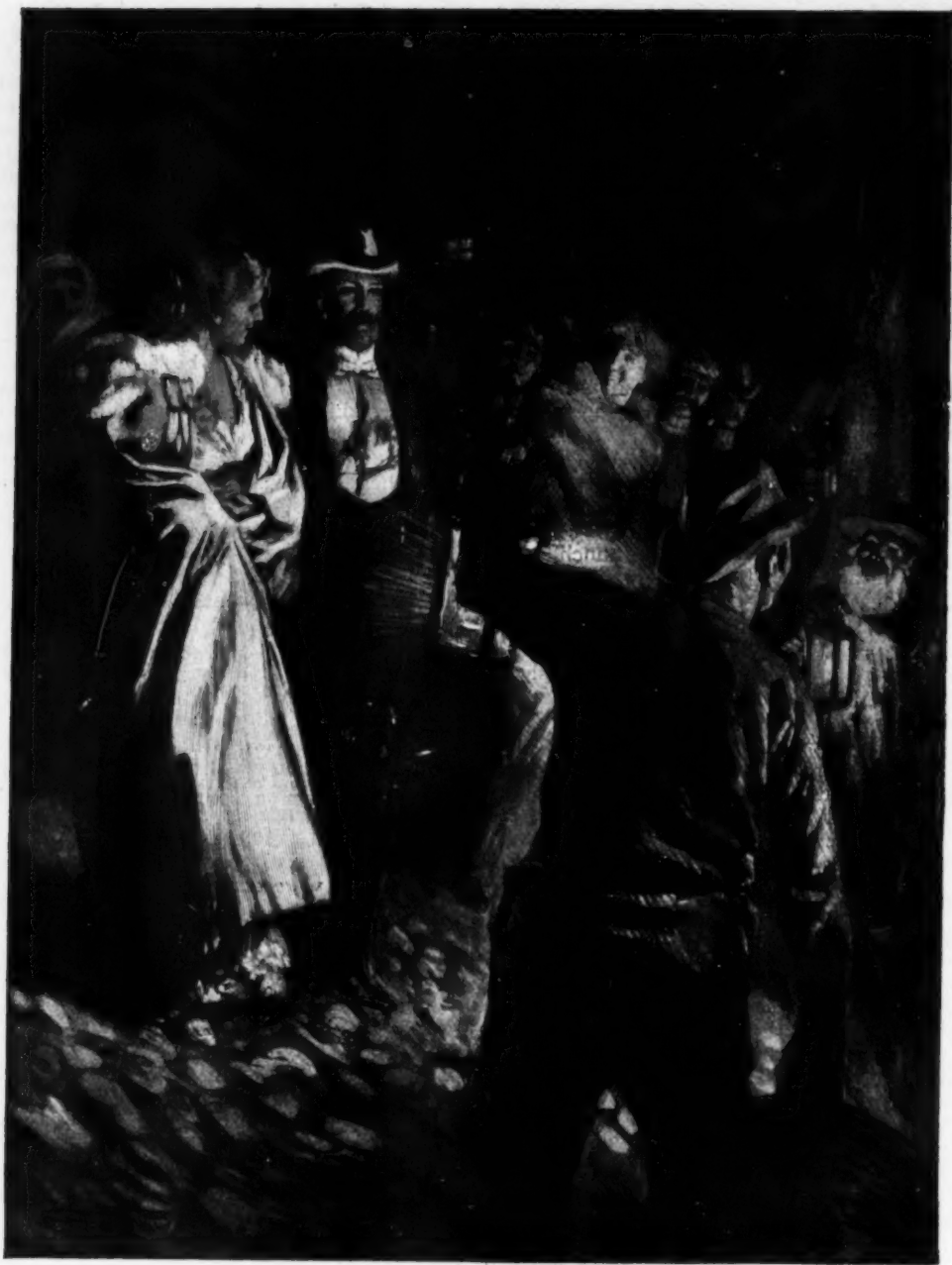
Laughter went up. It gave way to expostulations and apologies when Forester stepped forward.

"Now, Mr. Forester, us didn' mane it! . . . We'm all av a mess, Mr. Forester; don't ee come anist us with your fine clothes!"

Forester shook off the objections with a laugh, and set his shoulder to the stern of the boat.

"Ah-h! He's a good one, Mr. Forester," said one man to another, as they stepped up to take their places.

"A fine trait, aha!" Harry Wilmington remarked, as the eyes of the group followed the moving boat.



BARRED WITH A TARRY LINE. "MR. FORESTER, YOU'M BRANDED!"

"If it isn't just the least bit ridiculous—and ostentatious," added Mrs. Wilmington.

"Not that," murmured Cynthia, half to herself, half to Maurice.

Jack Gibbs was fired with generous emulation. He hurried after the boat, and attempted to insert a shoulder between a broad back and a burly chest.

"Stand back, sir!" cried several. "You'll get hurted."

He was gently but firmly pushed aside, and returned disconsolate.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed in the vein of melodrama. "Never again do I attempt to propitiate the churls!"

Most of the boats had been hauled up by now, and the work of removing the fish from the nets began. Lanterns were slung to the masts, and a man took his place on either side of each boat to manipulate the net. As the blackish-brown folds were tossed over the fish appeared, first singly, then in patches, and presently in one solid mass of silver, lit here and there with red, opaline sparks. The large pearly scales came off on everything; the men who had been out in the boats glistened with them from head to foot. There seemed to be an art in the simple matter of freeing the fish from the net, for a lad helping at the boat nearest to Maurice was pushed aside by an old man, who pointed with stern reproof to severed heads left dangling in the meshes, and proceeded to show him the correct way. A combined tug and double shake this way and that, and the gills were disentangled; and the same dexterous movement sent the pilchard flying into the well of the boat. Maurice, out of curiosity, went down among the men, and handled one of the fish. The little shining creature—absurdly little by itself, to set all this toil and excitement in motion—was bent in a rigid curve, surprisingly stiff to the touch; the first mouthful of air had killed it, and fixed it in the attitude of its last struggling leap.

The men about him were casting glances at the artists. They stared with wondering admiration at Cynthia, standing in front. Her wrap had slipped down upon her shoulders, and the light of a lantern shone full upon her face.

"She look handsome, sure 'nough," Maurice heard one of them murmur.

"It seem like she do shine," added an impressionable young man.

Some lines from an old play came into Maurice's head, and he felt the thrill that an apt and unhackneyed quotation conveys to one of his tastes, as he repeated to himself:

"The amazed mariner afar,
Gazing on th' unknown light, wonders what star
Heaven hath begot to ease the aged moon."

Forester was standing beside her. One of the men let loose a sudden laugh.

"Ho-ho! Look at Mr. Forester, now! Look at 'm! He's branded! Mr. Forester, you'm branded! Cast an eye on your chest,

else. You'm one av us—a proper Cornish fisherman, sure 'nough."

Forester's shirt-front drew all eyes. It was barred across with a broad, black, tarry line.

Other voices chimed in gleefully:

"Ess, he's branded! . . . One av us, sure 'nough! . . . Ay, but 'a've been so all along, b'lieve. He might ha' ben born with a pilchard in his mouth, Mr. Forester might."

Forester laughed and effaced himself.

The wind was freshening, and the ladies began to shiver in their thin dresses. They vowed it was interesting—very interesting, and picturesque, and interminable; and wasn't it time to be moving back?

Back in the drawing-room, under a blaze of lights, the brand on Forester's bosom was conspicuous. Mrs. Wilmington's eyes returned to it pointedly again and again, with a frown of annoyance shading them. It jarred on her; it was grubby, vulgar Tregurda intruding itself on her swept and garnished retreat, an unmannerly longshoreman planted in her select assembly, a whiff of fried fish in her rose-perfumed atmosphere. Cynthia too—it seemed to fascinate Cynthia; in what way it would be hard to tell from her enigmatic expression. The others joked about it, and forgot it.

The time came when all Mrs. Wilmington's devices and stratagems could keep Jack Gibbs and his banjo apart no longer. He brought a chair into the middle of the room, sat down, crossed his knees, twanged a lamentable prelude, fixed Cynthia with a ferocious glare of devotion, and began to sing. Maurice found himself in sympathy with Mrs. Wilmington for once. Jack's singing voice, for quality and volume, was the strayed reveller's; the expression of his face, with mouth a yawning cavern and eyes two slits among agonised wrinkles, was that of the dentist's victim awaiting the forceps; and words and music—the ultra-sentimental words and the feebly sensuous music of a drawing-room ballad of the approved type—were hardly calculated to bear the strain of his too obviously ardent emotion, which rocked his plump figure to and fro, and continually set voice and plucking fingers at inharmonious variance. It was funny at first, but it soon grew very painful, and Jack was the one animated figure in a company of dejected statues. The demon of the ridiculous, the colony's fetish, perpetually invoked, raised itself visibly before their eyes, a paralysing bogey. When, after twice breaking down completely, he made an end at last, there was a dead silence, broken too late for politeness by the host's perfunctory thanks. Even Jack could see that he had hardly achieved his wished-for effect.

"That song wants a lot of practice," he said apologetically, with a glance of forlorn appeal at Cynthia. "Next time—I think I shall get the feeling better next time I sing it."

"Never again!" muttered Mrs. Wilmington.

"Never again, if I have to be rude!"

"The bellow of the cow," said Otto Trist,

who had a habit of pursuing a private train of thought up to a certain point, and then suddenly making it public with an effect that was always unexpected, and sometimes, as in this case, disconcerting—"the bellow of the cow, I take it, is supreme among emotional expressions. I'm not musical myself—don't know one note from another; but I'm always affected when I hear a cow give vent to her pent-up feelings. I was wondering if this showed a latent taste for music in me. Would one describe a cow's bellow as musical? I don't mean from the

They were too intimate now to need to make conversation; and when they talked they knew enough of each other's mind to use half-meanings.

Presently she looked at him.

"Yes?" he said.

"Symbols!" she ejaculated. He knew to what she referred.

"It was rather striking," he said.

"It brought something home to me—something I had tried to banish since the night of our talk. They singled him out."

"And rejected Jack."

"Oh!" she cried. "Have you any influence with Mr. Gibbs? Could you do something to prevent—? It was torture! I have schooled myself to suffer such things—to ignore them; but tonight I am dissatisfied with myself and with everything; it was more than I could endure. I was ready to cry out—to run!"

"It was painful. I felt for you," said Maurice, and felt painfully the weakness of his words.

"I am dissatisfied—miserable!" she exclaimed. "It is all so petty and ugly. I want to be different—to live differently and think differently; and I haven't the strength. I am ready to hate myself. What is it I lack? I want—I want help! Where—?"

Maurice did not trust himself to speak. The appeal was not to him.

She said no more, and they parted in silence. At the gate of his lodgings he halted and looked abroad on the night. The thick curtain that had veiled the sky since sunset was being rent in places by the wind, and a star showed here and there. Low down in the north-east there was a strip of clear sky



"NEVER AGAIN!" MUTTERED MRS. WILMINGTON. "NEVER AGAIN, IF I HAVE TO BE RUDE!"

cow's point of view, but looking at it in an abstract way."

A smile went round.

"Good!" whispered Harry Wilmington to Maurice. "Good—but rather cruel."

Jack stared doubtfully at Trist for a moment, and then spluttered laughter.

"The bellow of the cow!" he exclaimed. "Poor Trist! I'm afraid it's a hopeless case, old man. We shall never make a musician of you."

Soon after, the party broke up. Cynthia and Maurice, sent off together by Mrs. Wilmington, walked some way in silence.

over a long cloud-bank, and cloud and sky were dimly suffused with a pale grey light. Presently, as he watched, a splash of yellow appeared in the midst of the cloud. Then its upper edge began to brighten and take colour, first of silver, then of citron. It moved onwards, and upwards behind it moved the invisible queen. He watched with an expectant thrill, as for the central figure in a spectacle. Once, twice, a glimpse of a golden limb was permitted and withdrawn; then suddenly she swam swiftly into sight, and seemed to pause, sitting in an airy cave, cloud-roofed, cloud-carpeted, and overflowing with her light. Still higher she

rose, and grew paler; and the clouds assumed every hue of the dove's throat as they closed about her. Nearer and nearer they hemmed her in; one grazed her rim as it swept past. She was lovelier thus, he thought, than as the lonely queen in the unencumbered solitude of an empty sky. Vexed and molested, she shed a part of her divinity—became more human as it were, and less remote from human sympathy. He drew a parallel. Then a great black cloud bore down upon her and swallowed her up. Maurice turned away, as from a painful catastrophe.

He had had his last glimpse of the moon that had welcomed him on his arrival, and his last confidential talk with Cynthia.

CHAPTER XI.—THINGS HEARD AND OVERHEARD.

THE days glided past imperceptibly. One lost count of them; and Maurice, returning to his lodgings one evening after a long walk over the cliffs, was surprised to be reminded by an encounter with Tom Blamey in courting attire that it was Saturday again, and that therefore he had been at Tregurda a full fortnight.

"Well, Tom," he said as they nodded. "We are bound for the same port, I suppose; we can go up together."

"Pleased to have your company, Mr. Maurice," said Tom dismally: "but I edn' bound for no port to-night; leastways"—he achieved a smile—"not for my reg'lar port av call. It look to me like my course is to tack about and make for home agin. Ess, that's my only course, b'lieve."

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed Maurice. "You haven't had a quarrel with Nelly, surely?"

Tom stared miserably before him, and said not a word.

"Come," said Maurice. "Lovers' quarrels"—he searched for an appropriate continuation of the nautical simile—"they're sudden squalls, soon over. Beat about for an hour till they drop, and the fair wind blows again; then in you run, drop anchor, and make all snug."

Tom smiled a faint appreciation of the metaphor; then his face clouded again, and he paced beside Maurice in brooding silence. Suddenly he made a violent gesture.

"Tedn' Nell!" he exclaimed. "I'll swear 'tedn' Nell. I had my eyes on her all the while, and I'll swear 'tedn' she! A good maid; a good maid, sir, is Nell, with no more foolishness about her than 's nat'ral and proper for a maid. She don't belong to behave so av her own self. *A bit above 'ee*, says the other one. *A cut above a rough fisherman*. Well, I know that. She've got book-larning, Nell have; she talk like a lady; pretty to hear her, I think, though there's some call her out av her name for it. But all that—'tis in her head; it don't touch her heart. She never talk proud at me—only in fun, like. I don't understand. It seem to me like there's some roguery going on.

Meat for your betters, says the other one; and Nell she look down, and not one look for me, though I had my eyes on her all the while. 'What's all this, Nell,' says I. 'Have I done anything to cross 'ee?' No mouth-speech. *Meat for your betters*, says the other one. 'Speak plain, Nell,' says I; 'I want plain speech, being a plain man. Are 'ee changed to me?' says I. 'And if so, what's changed 'ee, or who's changed 'ee?' No mouth-speech; not a word, not a look, though my eyes were stark upon her. *Meat for your betters*, says the other one, like an owld jackdaw. She never liked me, and I never liked she. 'My betters?' says I to Nell. 'Plenty my betters, but not one to love 'ee truer.' And that's the truth, sir. 'Not one, Nell,' said I. 'You should know that.' And I looked stark upon her, and I see the lids av her eyes lifting and dropping, lifting and dropping, like she was wanting to look upon me and didn' dare. 'Not one, Nell,' said I; 'and I don't care who 'a may be; a better man he may be other ways, but not for loving 'ee true. And I don't onderstand,' said I, 'and 'tis my belief there's roguery about somewhere,' said I, and looked aside at the other one. And the other one, she up and say, soft, like—*After that, Tom Blamey, you'd better fit and go*. That's her way; she don't fire up wholesome, like another woman would; she put me in mind av a fish, cowl-blooded and goggle-eyed. And when she want a thing, 'tis like water dripping on a rock, day in, day out, slow and soft and steady, drip, drip, till there's a holler place underneath. And a maiden's heart edn' no rock, sir, if you onderstand me. *Better you fit and go*, she say. I never liked the woman, try so much as I might, thinking 'twas my duty, being her mother you see. To my mind she's neither upright nor down straight, as they say. And what she's up to I haven't a notion. There were other chaps before; but 'tedn' none o' they, I'll swear. *Are 'ee going?* she say. So I said to Nell, 'Nell,' said I, 'the word's between you and me, and nobody else. Say for me to stay, and I'll stay. And I love 'ee true,' said I; 'and I've bought the dresser, as you know, and a heap av new cloam, and I've got my eye on a brass-faced grandfather clock, like you said you wished for, to tick sociable av an evening when you'm alone, and a louder-ticking clock I never heard; and what all this do mean I haven't a notion, being a plain man; but I've a jealous thought there's roguery somewhere, and I don't put the fault upon you. So speak up, Nell, my dear,' said I, 'speak up plain to a plain man, who's rough, maybe, but do love 'ee dear and always will, and nobody else so long as I live. Speak up, Nell,' said I, 'and bid me stay or bid me go. And if I go, I go for good,' said I, and couldn' say no more, feeling painful, like, as maybe you'll onderstand, sir. No speak; there she stand, head down and fingers snatching at her dress. *And that's a long yarn*, says the other one; *and you'm keeping the young man waiting, Nelly; and onless you'm terrible set on having his dresser-full*

av cloam and his brass-faced clock, better fit you bid him go to once, as he asking av 'ee to do. And Nell, she didn' speak, and she didn' look up, but she lift her hand to the door, slow, and drop it quick. And—well sir, I got out somehow. And I don't think I'll come no further this way; they sha'n't say I'm hanging round, waiting to be took on agin if they'll be so good."

With his miserable face, and his tight collar, and his absurd little felt hat, two sizes too small, and his clumsy suit of glossy broadcloth, its creases emphatic of a week's repose between mattresses, Tom Blamey made a pathetic, and, in spite of all, a not undignified figure. Maurice tried to express his sympathy.

"Do you think I could do anything for you?" he added. "If I spoke to Nelly—?"

Tom shook his head.

"I did think of speaking to Mr. Forester," he said, "and asking him what he thought. He's one to go to when you'm in trouble, and Nell think a lot o' what he do say. But sim' me, 'twouldn' be no use. A maid, sir—you may walk with her, and talk with her, and howld her tight in your arms, and think you know all about her; but there's things in that little head that never come out av that pretty mouth. 'Tedn' for a man to onderstand a maid; leastways, not for a plain man like me. Best to stand by for a bit. There's roguery somewhere, and you can't hide up roguery for long. *Adders twine when sun do shine*, as they say. So I'll stand by for daylight. She's fond o' me yet, I think."

"I'm sure of it," said Maurice.

"Thank 'ee for that, sir," said Tom; and parting, they shook hands cordially.

Maurice dined at home that evening; and his male wonder at the inscrutable ways of woman-kind was not diminished when his meal was served by a placid, amiably chatting mother, and cleared away by a daughter who, if a little more silent and subdued than usual, showed no legible sign of trouble or tension in face or bearing. He had been in the open air all day, and when he was comfortably settled in the arm-chair before the fire, his meditations soon slid into oblivion.

He woke with a start to the consciousness of voices in the kitchen. The connecting door was ajar as usual; nothing short of wedging would keep it closed; and every word of the talk was plainly audible. The first words he heard were in the colourless, trickling, watery tones of Mrs. Blewett's voice.

"And 'tis all for your good, as I'm a-telling 'ee. I mean to do my best by 'ee, as a mother should, and I can't do no more. And I look for 'ee to behave like a sensible maid, and see what's best for 'ee, and not go standing in your own light when you've got a chance to better yourself and them that's dear to 'ee. There edn' many maids get such a chance; 'a 'll be downright wickedness if you go and spoil it with foolish behaviour. Why, Mr. Maurice he towld me—"

"Hush, mother!" It was Nelly who spoke. "The door edn' shut home. He'll hear 'ee." "Not he! I geeked in just now, and he's sound asleep."

Maurice prepared to cough, refrained, and tried to justify himself for refraining.

"He towld me only the other day," continued Mrs. Blewett, "'twas a reg'lar thing to happen. There's dozens av 'em done the same, and the maid not half so fitty as you, I'll be bound. And he think a lot av 'ee, don't 'a now?"

A pause ensued. Mrs. Blewett repeated her question.

"Don't 'a now? Didn' 'a say so? You towld me. What was it 'a said before them all?"

"He—said, he—couldn't do without me," replied Nelly in a low voice.

"There 'tis!" exclaimed Mrs. Blewett triumphantly. "Couldn' do without 'ee. That's pretty plain, I allow. And before them all, too!"

"'Twas only because of the picture, mother."

"Aw, the picksher! Don't tell me! When a man say a thing like that, there's more than pickshers in his mind. And he look upon 'ee a lot, don't 'a?"

"He have to, when he's painting."

"Ay, but do 'a look soft—soft and tender, like?"

"He look like that on everybody."

Another pause. Maurice could imagine Mrs. Blewett staring into vacancy with glassy eyes.

"The young ladies," she began again—"do he look soft on they? Would 'ee say he'd took a fancy to any one av 'em?"

"No, mother, I don't think. Miss Murdoch—"

"Aw, don't mind she. She edn' no account at all. The other two I mean—the pretty ones."

"'Tis my belief he don't like Miss Ralston," said Nelly. "He always try to be polite to her; you can see him trying. Miss Ralston don't take much interest in him, though. He don't laugh enough for she."

"And the other one—Miss Paget?"

Nelly seemed to hesitate.

"He never look at her nor speak to her, not if he can help," she said finally. "I don't understand about Miss Paget. She's strange. I don't think I like her overmuch." Here Maurice fancied he heard a sigh. "I think she's wonderful handsome. She make me think of a lily-flower. I wish I could wear my gowns like she do. I think I want to like her, but she frighten me. She look down on me; when she look at me it seem to hurt."

"A stuck-up young thing, if you ask me," said Mrs. Blewett. "And so fur as looks do go you'm as good as she any day."

Nelly was silent.

"Well now, listen to me, Nell," continued Mrs. Blewett. "There edn' nobody else, that's plain; and if there should be, I wouldn' be beat by no fine ladies. You'm with him all the while, and he've got his eyes upon 'ee all the

while, and you'm as pretty a maid as there is in all Cornwall, and he's flesh and blood, like the rest av 'em. Sim' me, all you've got to do is to stretch out your hand, and he's caughted."

"Oh, don't, mother!" cried Nellie faintly. "Don't say such things."

difference I can see in them is that some is bowld, and some is bashful. And the bowld ones is harder to catch than the bashful ones. But bowld or bashful, they must be fished for before they'm caughted. Aw, 'tis easy! A soft look from a pretty maid, and—*Hullo!* says



TOM BLANEY MADE A PATHETIC FIGURE.

"'Tis what I've been saying all along this week and more, edn'?" said Mrs. Blewett placidly. "How are you so foolish? I want to do the best I can by 'ee; but I can't do everything by my own self. I'm putting the marbles in your pocket; 'tis for you to play the game. 'Tis an easy game, too. Young men, they'm all the same, rich or poor. Only

the chap. *Here's a pretty maid! And here's a pretty maid that look like she's fond o' me, the poor dear! I edn' sure though,* says he. *Must have a look into this.* And soon as he say that to himself, he's as good as caughted already."

Another pause. Maurice's reflections could not deny Mrs. Blewett a certain shrewd, if incomplete, insight into the male mind.

She began again.

"He talk to 'ee, s'pose. What do 'a say? Do he ever talk tender?"

"He's very kind," murmured Nelly. "We do chat a bit sometimes, when we'm alone."

"When you'm alone? That's very well. And what do 'a talk about?"

"About the folk down here—the Tregurda folk, mostly. He don't talk much about the artists, and he never talk about himself."

"That edn' so well," interpolated Mrs. Blewett. "'Tis the way they begin, mostly."

"And he talk about the fishing, and—and—oh!—he talk a lot about Tom, and what a fine chap he is, and how fond of me! Oh mother!"

Her voice was muffled. Maurice imagined her leaning over the table, her face buried in her arms.

"Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Blewett, with a kind of washed-out impatience—"Tom, and a dresser-full av cloam, and a second-hand clock, and a pound a week when he's lucky, and sixpence when he edn', and go upon the parish the two av 'ee when you'm owld! Thou foolish maid! When you might have a mahogany sideboard, and a clock with gowld angels leaning agin it under a glass case, and a duchesse dressing-table, and a looking-glass you could see yourself all round in to once, and—and"—she paused, apparently to search for an example of the last refinement of luxury—"and handkerchers all lace, and only a bit the size av a penny piece to blow your nose on in the middle!"

Nelly was heard to sigh.

"Now look," continued Mrs. Blewett; "I'll give 'ee an insight. Next time he begin to talk about Tom, you look mis'erable like, and fetch a breath, and say—*Ah, a maid don't always know her own heart*, you say. *I edn' happy*, you say. *I don't know what's come to me*, you say, and look upon 'm, and drop you eyes quick. *How?* says he. *Don't ask me*, you say, *for I can never tell 'ee*. And then, whatever 'a do ask or say, you'm dumb and frightened, like."

"Mother, I couldn't!" exclaimed Nelly vehemently. "I couldn't! He'd look at me with his big eyes, and I should be wanting to sink into the ground for shame. He always trust in what people say."

"Well, that make it easy, don't 'a?" said Mrs. Blewett.

"That make it hard," said Nelly.

Mrs. Blewett was conjectured to be staring unconprehendingly at her daughter.

"Well," she remarked finally. "Av all the foolish, onreasonable maids! I belong to do my best by 'ee, and my best I mane to do; but you put me out av patience, and that's the truth. Look, now, you've sent Tom off; he won't come back onless he's fetched, and if you'm a daughter o' mine, you'm too proud to fetch him. Well then! And what's Tom, set him agin the other? A rough fisherman agin a gentleman, a true gentleman if there ever was one, and they all say so, and you've said

so yourself, and you'm always praising av him up, and it's my belief you *don't* know your own heart, and 'tis left for your mother to save 'ee from being wretched all your life. And that's what I mane to do; trust me else. And now I'll leave 'ee for a bit, to think over what I've said."

The drone of her voice ceased, and she was heard moving about the room. Then the sound of a kiss brought up a picture of her bending over Nelly, as she said:

"You'm a fitty maid, my dear. I'm proud av 'ee, and always was. And I'll be prouder when I behold 'ee dressed up fine and sitting in the best parlour with a real Brussels under your feet, pouring the tea out av a dinky chaney pot, and handing it round to the other ladies. There, Nell, we'll see. I'm going over to shop. They'll be asking the news about Tom, I'll be bound. I won't tell 'em much, but I'll tell 'em enough to set 'em whispering. That do very well for a beginning. A whisper spread quicker than a shout. Trust your owld mother to do the best she can by 'ee. She's very fond av her only cheeld, and wish to do what she can to make 'ee happy. There!"—another kiss was heard—"if you edn' married in silk, 'a won't be my fault."

She was heard to open the door, and her steps passed the window. Then silence.

"The foolish woman!" was the hardest phrase Maurice could find as he diagnosed this mixture of craft and simplicity, ambition and genuine maternal tenderness. The foolish woman! What annoyance he felt was at himself, for the unthinking part he had played in fostering this absurd dream. Absurd, grotesquely absurd as it was, it had worked mischief already, and might work more. . . . What of Nelly? One could hardly blame her, either, so much as she deserved. Soft heart and feather brain—a heart easily dinted, and a brain easily turned—there was excuse for Nelly. How silent it was in the next room! The silence was eloquent of tumult. Poor girl!

The silence was broken by the voice of the grandmother, starting from slumber into sudden wakefulness, as old folk do.

"Billy, you there? Sarann! Stir the vire, wan av 'ee. I be cowl'd."

A pause. The voice grew shrill and pettish.

"Vire be gwain black out, I tell 'ee. Dost hear, Billy? . . . Billy! Sarann! Nell! . . . Hu-hu!" whimpered the voice. "They've ben an' left me alone in the cowl'd an' the dark! Hu-hu!"

Nelly moved hastily.

"Hush, grandma! 'Tis all right. I'm here."

"Stir the vire, then! I be cowl'd, I tell 'ee."

The fire was stirred.

"Be that Nell?"

"Yes, grandma."

"Where be the young chap, then?"

No reply came, but the poker fell with a clatter.

"Where be the young chap? 'A was here just now. 'A spoke to me. A well-spoken young chap, an' got 'es manners. There be zome do come an' go, an' never a word for the owld woman. But the young chap got 'es manners—allus ready for a chat—a proper young chap. Zomebody ded zay 'a was a-coorten av our Nell. . . . Nell!"

"Grandma!"

"Where be the young chap that's a-coorten av 'ee. 'A was here this minute."

"He's—gone, grandma," faltered Nelly.

"Vetch en back, then. I've a mind to chat wed en. A proper young chap, an' spake plain for an owld woman to hear, an' none av your drilly-drawlies. Coorten av 'ee, edn'a? 'Tes pleasant coorten when you'm young. . . . Vire be gotten up nicely. Vire be my comfort, these dark days. I look into en, an' think upon owld times—zun a-sheenen, and a brisk boy walken azide o' me. 'Tes pleasant when you'm young, and a comfort to think upon when you'm owld. Merry times, merry times! Ho-ho!" she cackled feebly. "An' young squire weth 'es bags av gowld—ho-ho! . . . Nell!"

"Yes, grandma?"

"Vetch in the young chap, and I'll tell en 'bout young squire, an' how I zent en 'bout 'es bezness. He allus laff when I tell en that. *Well done, owld lady!* 'a zay, an' laff. Vetch en in, Nell."

"He's gone, grandma!" cried Nelly wofully. "I tell 'ee he's gone!"

"Edn' gone fur, I reckon. Zomewhere round, I'll be bound. 'Tes the way weth 'em. Dost think I don't mind? Vetch en back to wance. *Well done, owld lady!* 'a zay. *My Nell 'ud do the same,* 'a zay, an' laff. He laff 'earty—do me good to hear en. Vetch en back, my dear, bevore 'tes too late."

An inarticulate sound, like the moan of a wounded animal; a moment of stillness; the sound of feet, uncertain for a pace or two, then resolute and hurried; and Nelly was at the door, flinging it open.

"Tom!" she called faintly into the night, and waited. "Tom!" she cried aloud. Then a long pause. "Tom! Oh, Tom!" she wailed. "Tom!" It was a mere whisper now; the sound of it hardly reached the listener's ears.

For a full minute there was no sound; then slow steps returned, a chair creaked, and this scene of tragic farce ended to a sound of low continuous sobbing.

CHAPTER XII.—THE SUMMONS.

IT was no idle curiosity, Maurice told himself, that took him into Forester's studio on the Monday morning. He had not entered it, as it happened, for some days; and coming to the picture with fresh eyes, he experienced a shock. Surely the face was Nelly's now only to the most casual of casual glances. Taken feature by feature it was hers still, no doubt:

though even in the features there was an indefinable change; but that elusive, spiritual something which we call a likeness, and which resides elsewhere than in the superficial mould of brow and cheek and lip, had altogether fled; another soul looked openly out from behind the mask. The effect was haunting, uncanny, disagreeable even, to one who had studied the manifestations of that soul on another face; it was like—he fetched a simile from afar—it was like hearing an ode of Keats' read in rustic dialect, with dropped aitches and vowels intolerably broadened.

When he entered, Nelly was standing in position, but Forester was not working. His palette and brushes lay on a chair, and he stood doubtfully regarding the picture. There was trouble in the smile with which he greeted Maurice, and it was without enthusiasm that he took up his brush and began working on the draperies. Maurice looked at Nelly. She was unwontedly pale, and dark lines under her eyes told a sorry story.

Forester worked on half-heartedly. Presently he put down his brush with a sigh, and asked a question which startled Maurice.

"Do you notice anything wrong with the face?" he said. Forester inviting criticism was a portent. With all his modesty, he trod on firm ground in the regions of his art, and he knew it, and was accustomed to ask the way of no man.

Maurice was embarrassed. He avoided a direct reply.

"You have been altering it, haven't you?" he said.

"I don't know," said Forester. "It seems wrong. I don't understand. I thought I knew the effect I wanted, and it doesn't come. I feel worried and uncertain." He laughed nervously and added:

"It's a lesson. It has taken the conceit out of me."

It was the hour when the colony was accustomed to relax its arduous labours. The door was flung open, and Jack Gibbs burst in with a tale of woe.

"I say, Forester," he exclaimed, "that new medium I had sent down last week is no go, and I wouldn't advise you to try it. I'm doing a head, you know—fancy portrait of a girl—letting my imagination run riot over it—vision of beauty—half in love with it already, like the fellow in the story. It was all right when I left it on Saturday; but this morning when I went in I found that Beauty's eyes had dropped out of their sockets, and were wandering down her cheeks. It was ghastly—gave me quite a shock. I hoisted them up again, but the shy vision's fled, sir—fled for ever! Well, and how goes the picture?"

"Do you notice anything wrong about the face?" said Forester. "I'm doubtful about the face."

"Hullo!" Jack evinced genuine astonishment. "You don't mean to say—? Here"—to Harry Wilmington, who had just entered—

"here's old Forester assailed by the fell demon of doubt, and actually inviting criticism!"

"Portentous!" puffed Wilmington.

"I feel sure there's something wrong with the face," said Forester.

"I tell you what," said Jack, with a grave head-shake. "This is a serious matter. The case calls for the united intellects of the colony. I move we summon a general council to sit on the recalcitrant face."

"The proposal is excellent—ha?" said Wilmington.

Jack bounced out, and was heard to hammer at various doors.

"Come forth!" he shouted. "Come forth, brothers and sisters of the brush! Forth to the aid of genius in distress!"

Doors opened, voices mingled in questions and laughter, and the band trooped in. Harry Wilmington constituted himself expositor, and began in his best vein of burlesque grandiloquence.

"An event without precedent in the annals of Tregurda has happened. The great work"—he waved his hand to the picture with a gesture that mingled patronage and deference in a manner possible only to Harry Wilmington—"the great work, the progress of which we have come to regard in the light of a natural phenomenon inevitably fulfilling itself with slow certainty, indifferently as the seasons themselves to our puny criticisms, now suddenly and unexpectedly finds itself in need of our help and counsel. In short, our friend here, who has hitherto listened patiently to our suggestions and remarks, and wisely disregarded them, now for the first time definitely invokes our aid. Criticism is invited—I think you said on the face?—yes, on the face."

One by one they stepped up and scrutinised the picture, while Forester stood by, uneasily smiling. As they stared into the face and proffered their various criticisms, Maurice was reminded of a certain parlour game, in which one person places a thimble in some conspicuous position, and the others are set to find it. The more conspicuous the position, the harder the task; eyes will peer point-blank at the thimble and never see it. The chatter of comment arose; and Maurice, listening, hugged his secret and laughed internally.

Dora Murdoch rhapsodised, and could find no fault. Neither could Brent. Forester, he said, had painted a most amusing picture, and he could suggest no improvement. Jack Gibbs laid the fault on Forester's technique, which he said was hopelessly out of date.

Harry Wilmington thought that, considering the nature of the subject, an idealising touch would not be amiss. Hadn't Forester been following his model rather too slavishly. It was not advisable, he said, to keep too tight a rein on one's imagination.

Mrs. Wilmington, on the contrary, pleaded for a stricter realism. No girl ever looked like that, she said. The expression was unnatural. And she must ask, as she had often asked before—what did it mean?

Otto Trist, standing before the picture, forgot it in a misty generalisation of the theme suggested by the last two critics. Said he:

"The chief aim of art, I take it, is to strike the balance between the real and the ideal. Now in the making of art there are two factors, the painter and the painted. Every picture, whatever the subject may be, is in a way the painter's portrait. If you paint a saucepan, your soul simmers in that saucepan: in other words, it is more or less an emotional saucepan. But that isn't what I was going to say. I was immensely struck the other day by some drawings my landlady's little daughter had been making on a slate. You know the kind of thing—men with turnip heads and transparent hats, and podgy bodies with muffin-buttons all down them, and ethereally attenuated arms and legs. Well, here was an untutored, and therefore unprejudiced mind, attacking this very problem, and getting, as I thought, within measurable distance of solving it. The men were not in the least *like* men, but they *were* men, unmistakably. The real and the ideal went hand in hand. Of course I don't suggest that we should take lessons in the nursery, but if you consider the pre-Raphaelite movement, now, it was a step backwards and yet a step in the right direction. I'm not sure that it went far enough." Here Trist grew fragmentary and incoherent. "A backward evolution—if one can talk of evolving backwards—these questions are very confusing, I find—but a backward evolution through the stiff solemnity of Byzantine art—h'm—Assyrian sculpture—the mammoth on the prehistoric bone—but I'm afraid I'm talking nonsense. One always does, I find, when one tries to follow up an idea to its logical conclusion. Logic is the least human of all human inventions; it is positively antipathetic to the nature of man. That's what makes it so difficult to take an abstract point of view. Now, in the field of morals—but I'm afraid I'm wandering. The face—h'm, the face—I can't see anything wrong with the face."

Cynthia took his place, and Maurice held his breath. Surely *she* must see it; surely she must hear the mute appeal. She looked long and calmly, and stepped aside, offering no criticism. Blind!

It was Ethel Ralston's turn. Her innocent eyes went from the picture to Nelly, and back from Nelly to the picture. Then suddenly they leapt to Nelly again, and thence full on Cynthia.

"Oh!" she ejaculated softly under her breath. "Um!"—and a little smile played about the corners of her mouth. Maurice felt a violent desire to take her by the shoulders and turn her out of the room. If she had spoken on the impulse of the moment, one might conceivably have forgiven her; but she remained silent, nursing a thought which seemed to amuse her.

A knock came at the door. Mr. Blewett entered, and addressed Forester.

"Tom Blamié's outside, sir, and wish to

speak to 'ee. Something about your boat, I think."

"Ask him to come in," said Forester.

"So I did," said Mr. Blewett; "but 'a won't."

Maurice glanced at Nelly. Her colour had returned with a vengeance.

Forester went out; and after talking for a few minutes, most of the others did likewise. There remained Cynthia, Ethel Ralston, Mr. Blewett, and Maurice, whom an uneasy presentiment forbade to stir. It was justified; Ethel Ralston delayed no longer.

"Curious!" she said melodiously, as soon as the door was closed. "I can't help fancying—the face—isn't it getting rather like Cynthia?"

Cynthia looked blank incomprehension.

"Really," cooed Miss Ralston, "I may be mistaken, but if you look carefully, there's a suggestion—more than a suggestion, I think. Curious, isn't it? I wonder how it got there."

She looked round in a candid appeal for enlightenment. The minute student of Cynthia's glances saw incredulous wonder, doubt, sudden alarm, and finally a wide-eyed look that resembled terror, pass in successive waves over her face.

"I wonder how it got there," Ethel Ralston repeated, and laughed merrily, and added:

"Cynthia, are we to hold you responsible?"

Cynthia's face was illegible, a confused eddy of clashing, hurrying emotions. It was with a feeling of mingled exultation and dismay that Maurice found himself suddenly appealed to for help.

"Is it?" she faltered. "Is it?—Can you see—?"

Her voice pleaded for a negative. It was the moment of his trial, and he found himself wanting. He had not the courage for a bold "yes" or "no."

"The face always baffled me," he mumbled. "It's difficult to say—I wouldn't like to say."

"It really is, you know," said Ethel Ralston, going to the door. "I noticed it at once; but I didn't like to say anything before Mr Forester. It might annoy him. One doesn't like to give annoyance."

The door was shut behind her. Cynthia stood motionless, looking at the picture. And as she looked, the tumult in her face died down; only a certain affright remained, and her parted lips

added to it a look of expectancy. And a tender dawn broke in her eyes; and she looked into the pictured countenance as into a faithful mirror. "Come down, O maid!" The summons had been heard at last. Had it been heard aright? Doubt returned to her face, and she looked towards Maurice with a renewed question ready on her tongue.

The question was mercifully intercepted.

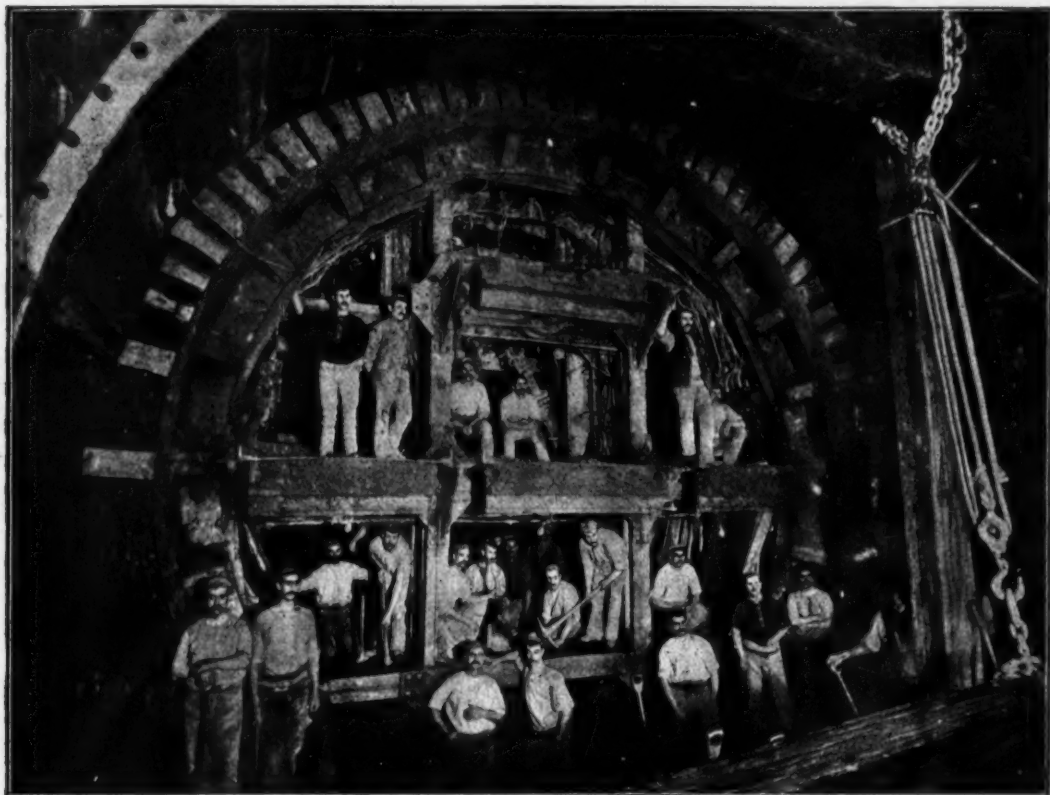
"Hem!" coughed Mr. Blewett. "Now the young lady's gone, I don't mind saying I never heard no such nonsense in my life—begging your pardon, miss, for saying such a thing av a friend av yours. As if Mr. Forester didn't know his business better than to muddle things up like that! Bless 'ee, Mr. Forester know his trade down to the ground, he do. Look upon the picksher for yourselves, and then look upon Nell up there, and set them one agin the other. Why, 'tis Nell to the life—the very dapse av her, and no mistake! Look upon the nose; that'll tell 'ee. 'Tis Nell's nose, every inch, edn'a? I ought to know; 'tis my own as well."

He reassuringly caressed the feature in question. Cynthia remembered Nelly's presence, and once more the two women looked into each other's eyes; and this time Nelly did not shrink; her hard, defiant stare was an open challenge to an acknowledged rival. Things augured ill for Tom Blamey now.

Forester returned, and his first glance was one of lightning astonishment at Nelly. So Tom had spoken of more than the boat.

Cynthia looked at Forester, and Maurice tried to decipher the look. It wondered and hoped and feared, and all the while it lacked the light of recognition; so she might look at a stranger bringing incredible tidings of dubious import. Then—put it to his credit if you have disliked the *role* he enacts—a sudden shame came over Robert Maurice. All at once he grew sick of prying and spying; he had had enough of this petty larceny of looks and glances. The thief is no less a thief when he refrains from disposing of his stolen goods to others and keeps them to gloat upon in private. It was a mean and unworthy part he was playing; he was ready to call it a treacherous part. Perhaps there was another motive that influenced him when he turned and slipped quietly away; but he refused to question himself as to what that motive might be.

THE RAILWAY STATION AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.



THE GREATHEAD SHIELD.

THE heart of the City is the busiest spot in this country. Appropriately not unlike the section of a bull's heart in shape, and measuring some sixty yards by forty, it is the most crowded place we have seen or heard of.

During daylight vehicles and foot-passengers pass across it in thousands. Omnibuses—green, brown, red, white, yellow, and blue—crawl over it at an average of fifteen every minute of the ten working hours. Count their outside passengers and you will find there are never less than two hundred in sight at a time. And the omnibuses are but a fraction of the moving mass of vehicles of all descriptions, cabs, carriages, carts, drays, vans, waggons, everything that is drawn by a horse, except a tramcar, with here and there a donkey shallow and a hand-barrow, and perhaps a motor-car to make things lively.

It is a wonder how things go so smoothly in what at first seems to be confusion; but notice how it is all managed. Every minute or

so a policeman holds up his hand to one or other of the tributary streams, and it halts, and through the gap goes a rush of pedestrians in twos and threes, and then in a swarm, and then a cross-current of vehicles begins to flow until it is checked again at another signal from the arm of the law for the main current east and west to resume its course. A wonderful scene of thronging humanity; and all the more wonderful now from the whole area on which it moves being practically a stage a couple of feet thick with a cavern twenty feet deep below.

For underneath it all is the Bank Station of the Central London Railway; one of the most difficult engineering enterprises of the nineteenth century owing to the intricate network of pipes and drains which had here to be diverted without interfering with the traffic overhead. Gas pipes, water pipes, pneumatic tubes, hydraulic power pipes, pipes of very special importance, pipes of no importance that had long been disused, electric cables, drains, sewers

—pipes and channels of all sorts, lead, iron, pottery, brick, stone, wood—crossing and interlacing, always unexpectedly, like a tangled skein; think of the task it must have been to deal with all these without breaking them or interfering with their functions! Weighted with the responsibility of having to pay damages for every mistake, even an excavating archæologist would have found it wearisome working underground in the made earth of all the Londons that have ever been.

Think of the forethought of it all! First a temporary shaft was sunk in front of the Royal Exchange, and from this on either side the passenger subway was driven which just skirts the pavements round the area; the roof as the exca-

lights and stairways at the street corners, is of the familiar type. By its means there is no more need for anyone to cross the area above ground. The steps on each side of the way at the end of Queen Victoria Street lead into it, and there are steps at Mansion House Place, at the Globe Insurance Office, at the Union Bank, and on each side of the Wellington Statue; at the end of King William Street comes the station of the City and South London, so that the Bank of England corner is the only one to which you must cross the road in the open air.

The pipe subway is more noteworthy. Here is a roomy tunnel fourteen feet wide and nine feet high, such as should be under the main streets of all great cities, in which the pipes



THE PIPE SUBWAY.

vation went on being supported on timbers from which, as they were met with, the pipes were hung. The pipes were left until they were identified by the gas company or the water company or whoever might own them, who at once took charge of them and made the arrangements needful to ensure the non-interruption of their service and their ultimate diversion to the place prepared for them. Slowly the earth was removed amid the wilderness of embarrassments until the headings met and the circuit was completed; and, now the permanent work is done, you find two subways running round, one over the other, the upper for the foot traffic, the lower for the pipes.

The passenger subway—fifteen feet wide and nine feet high—with its glazed bricks, electric

are placed so that they can each be got at for repair without disturbing the others; and from it shafts run off up the principal thoroughfares at six different points, so that the pipes are in six separate sections all communicating, any one of which can be thrown out of work when desired. On the floor, side by side, are the two big water mains and the gas main; the water mains measuring twenty-four inches across internally, the size of the gas main being six inches more. By their side runs the hydraulic main, and over them in a casing are the pneumatic tubes of the telegraph service, with the electric cables above them again. Very different is this orderly arrangement from the old hap-hazard interlacement, the most noticeable feature of it all being perhaps the

big valves where the branches from the streets come in. The drains are not here; they are deeper down and outside the ring, having been diverted horizontally so as not to interfere with their levels.

Having disposed of the pipes and drains work was begun on the central space. Cross-headings were driven north and south from one side to the other, cutting the area up into sections, and in these headings temporary walls were built which were actually three feet in thickness. Temporary work so substantial as this is remarkable but was deemed inevitable, as it was vital to the success of the enterprise that there should be no accident to the traffic overhead. All along the line, too, the same principle was adopted, that in all cases the temporary works should be as strong as if they were to be permanent.

These thick walls took three months to build and were used for only eighteen months. In every way they were of thoroughly good brickwork on proper foundations, and would have lasted for ever if they had been left standing; but when they had fulfilled their purpose they were all taken down with far less ceremony than those of an old mansion sold to the housebreaker. Here and there a pillar of the constructional ironwork was built in with them when they happened to cross its permanent position, and at a few spots a bit of the permanent wall took the place of the temporary structure. But these exceptions were few, and the vast mass of brickwork practically went for waste and was broken up.

On these walls timbers were laid, and these carried the planks which for months formed the roadway. It was this planking which called attention to what was going on below. For the whole traffic through the heart of London to be rolling day after day over what seemed little better than railway sleepers was enough to set people talking, though not all of them were aware that at ten o'clock each night the planks were cleared away and till six o'clock next morning the work went on in the open. London has had many strange scenes, but none stranger than these in the small hours, when the navvies were digging and barrow-running amid the usual flaring lights in what looked like a railway cutting in front of the Bank of England.

Meanwhile the constructional ironwork—or rather steelwork—was in preparation. Before this came to London it was all put together in a field to make sure that the whole structure was of the exact dimensions and that every part fitted. As the site was ready for it, section by section, the framework was built in position; and, as completed, it forms a roomy station occupying the whole space within the girdle of subways. In its greatest diameters it is 145 feet one way and 75 feet the other, its outline being mostly on the curve, the longest piece of straight in it being that between Cornhill and Lombard Street. From floor to roof it is 12 feet 6 inches high, the roof consist-

ing of girders on which rests the steel troughing which carries the concrete on which is laid the asphalt paving of what the casual observer would suppose is an ordinary road with solid ground beneath.

This is the station, which in other respects is like any other station on the street level. But where is the railway? That is lower still. In fact it is at a depth of nearly 50 feet from the station floor, the platforms being approached by five lift shafts of 20 feet in diameter, and one stairway shaft of 18 feet in diameter; so that should a break through occur overhead there is plenty of room for a Shepherd's Bush omnibus with its horses to take a fall of 70 feet to meet its competitors in the tunnels below. And beyond these tunnels there is still a lower depth in this much perforated area, for underneath the Central London there run the tunnels of the City and South London, crossing from Lombard Street to Princes Street on their way to Islington.

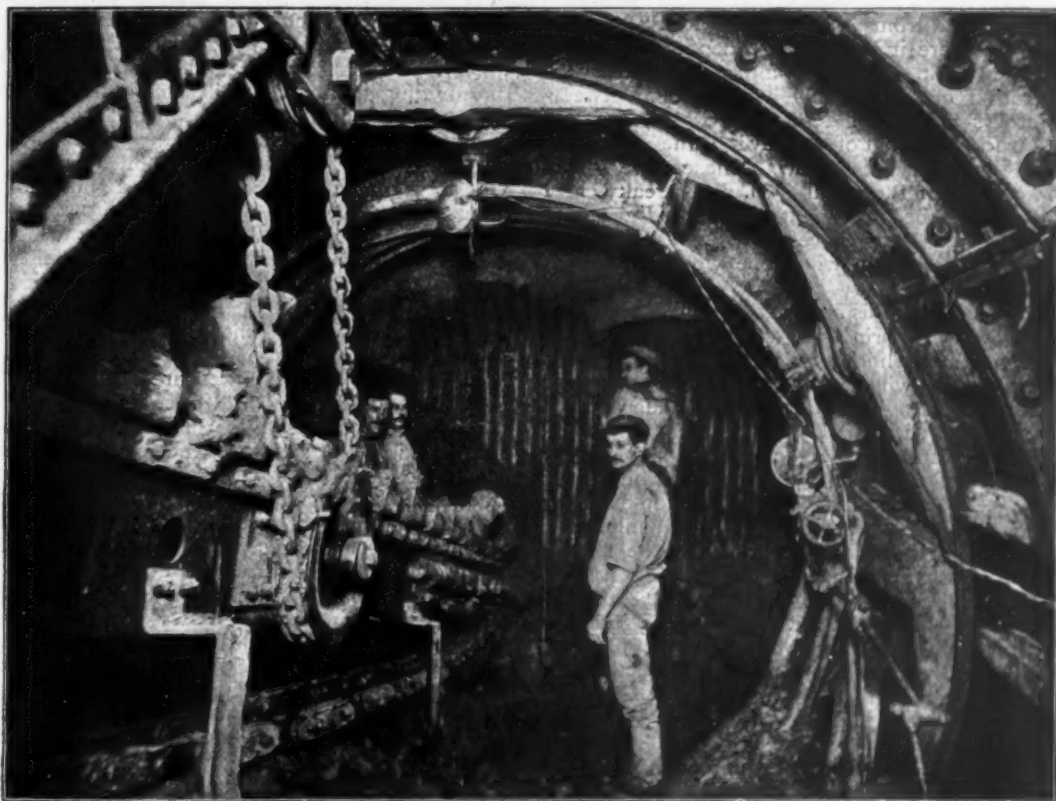
Like all these underground electric lines the Central London has two tunnels, one for the up and one for the down trains; and in places where space is limited these run on the top of one another. The tunnels are really cast-iron tubes which at the stations deliver into larger tubes, the ordinary internal diameter being 11½ feet, the larger tubes being 21 feet 2 inches, the "cross-over tunnels," which are still larger, being of 25 feet, so as to give room for shunting and for the junction of the up and down lines. As with all the rest, work was begun by sinking a shaft at each station and boring from it in opposite directions. The shaft—sunk through 12 feet of made ground, then 18 inches of loam, and then through 16 feet of gravel into clay—was lined with cast-iron, and at first the lining was driven down by being weighted with baulks of timber while the earth and gravel were cut away below. As the made earth and gravel were rather free a good depth was managed in this way; but when the clay was reached another method had to be adopted owing to its cling being too great for the pressure to overcome without unduly enlarging the shaft. Underpinning was resorted to, the clay being dug out below the casing, the segments being lowered down and put in position one by one beneath the work already in place.

At the Bank the working shaft—a trifle over 12 feet in diameter—went down from the contractors' enclosure behind the statue, making the seventh deep shaft hereabouts in connection with the works; though it was the first to be made and will not be further used. From the foot of this the large tunnel of the down station was begun, curving towards the western corner of the Mansion House and extending a few yards in the opposite direction towards Bartholomew Lane, where the junction with the up line will remain until the extension to Liverpool Street is completed. Almost on the centre of this the stair shaft goes down near Mansion House Place, the five passenger lift shafts delivering between it and the up line which skirts the

Bank. In sinking these shafts the London clay was met with at 29½ feet below the surface, so that the tunnels were driven 50 feet down in clay; and burrowing through this is comparatively easy when the Greathead shield is used, as was the case here.

By this most ingenious engineering device the art of tunnelling has been almost revolutionised. The shields are of the size of the tunnel they have to make; the smaller, for instance, 12 feet 8 inches in diameter, and it is 7 feet deep. At first sight it looks like a big drum standing on its side waiting to be

with a heading-out hole through which the clay is passed as it is dug out in front for a space of about 20 inches deep all round, except for a small ring about 2 inches thick which is left for the cutting edge to remove. Before the movement takes place a number of pointed pieces of wood are inserted into the clay horizontally with their ends resting against the shield, and as the shield moves forward under hydraulic pressure it drives these stakes in front of it as well as cuts the ring true, the object of the stakes being to break up the clay so as to make the work easier for the navvies.



THE THOMPSON EXCAVATOR.

pushed along head first as the way for it is cleared. A space at the foot of the shaft is excavated, and in this it is put together. The front or cutting head of the drum is a strong cast-iron ring divided in pieces, bearing a row of steel knives in short segments, forming a perfectly true cutting edge and so arranged that they can cut a slightly larger circle than the shield if necessary.

At the back is another ring, made in six segments bolted together through their flanges, and on each of these segments is a hydraulic ram, each ram with a crosshead designed to bed on the flange of the tunnel rings; which are put in as the shield moves forward, the method being as follows. In the shield is a bulkhead

As soon as the shield is pushed forward, one of the rings of which the iron tube that forms the tunnel is built up is placed in the space from which the shield has moved. The rings are composed of segments with flanges at the ends and sides and are bolted together at the ends to form the ring and at the sides to the corresponding segments of the adjoining rings, a few holes being made in their skin through which grouting—that is fine concrete—is forced by compressed air, so as to fill up whatever space may have been left between the ring and the clay. In this way the work goes on, the earth being dug out in front of the shield, passed through it and sent aloft to be carted away, the shield pushed forward into the vacant space, and the

tunnel built up at the shield's tail. In the large shield the ring with the cutting edge is made of 22 segments and the back-ring has 22 hydraulic rams, these being so arranged as to work together or independently so as to control the forward movement and keep the shield right in direction under all circumstances. In addition to these there is a powerful hydraulic apparatus for lifting the segments of the cast-iron tunnel into position. These rings are a foot and a half wide, and were placed in order at the rate of one or two every ten hours; with the smaller rings the rate was from 40 to 80 inches of advance every ten hours.

The railway is about six miles long, and is worked from its terminus at Shepherd's Bush, where it has a large dépôt at Woodhouse Park. It runs almost all the way through clay, the only break being between Berners Street and Red Lion Street, where it runs for a time out of the clay into the Woolwich and Reading beds below. These were found to consist of the usual hard, red, streaky clay, occasional beds of white sand, and what is described as beds of very hard limestone rock, which is certainly what one would not have expected.

To deal with this material, for which anything on the rotary principle was obviously useless, Mr. Thomas Thompson designed his "Electric Excavator," which was here first used. This consists essentially of a dredger ladder, which can be moved vertically, horizontally and longitudinally, and rigidly held down in position on the face of the rock it operates on. This ladder is 17 feet long, and carries 37 skeleton buckets, each having a bottom and back only. It is run out through the front of the shield, and works from below upwards, the truck which carries it being at the back of the shield in the completed tunnel; altogether a wonderfully powerful arrangement of bevels, and worms, and wire-ropes, driven by a 100-ampère motor at 200 volts. By its aid three 20-inch rings could be put in every shift of ten hours.

Speaking generally, the engineering difficulties of the line were not great, with the one exception of the patch in front of the Royal Exchange. Fortunately no water was met with; and hence the use of compressed air was limited to the few places where it was deemed expedient to employ it, owing to the pressure of the superincumbent buildings. This occurred at four places only—at Shepherd's Bush, where the tunnels come to the surface; in the Holborn Valley, where the Fleet Ditch and the Viaduct foundations were not so very far overhead; at the Walbrook corner of the Mansion House; and under Threadneedle Street.

Down in the unfinished station tunnel a few weeks ago, with not a sound breaking the still-

ness but the rumble of the trollies and the occasional roar from the air-lock, it was difficult to realise that the heart of London was throbbing above us. In front was an air-lock, looking not unlike a kind of long, low furnace which had done its work. "Up there," said the superintendent, "is the corner of the Mansion House. That air-lock came from the Blackwall Tunnel, so did some of the men, so did I; so you see we had experience in this work. Along on the right there, a little up, is the other tunnel, with the Bank of England beyond. That is the other air-lock, the only one still working."

And here there came a roar as of an Atlantic liner blowing her fog-horn, and a thin curl of whitish vapour shot up from the rusty iron; and, as the roar died out, the door was thrown back with a clang, and amid a whirling cloud of quivering air a laden trolley came out, pushed by a man, and then another, with others to follow, as though a subterranean volcano had begun its eruption with gases and finished it with rock materials decently packed and ready for delivery.

The lock is cleared of its laden trollies, which are replaced by empty ones, when you enter it. The outer door is shut; the inner communication is gradually opened, till the pressure is the same as that beyond. Then the door is opened, and you find the men at work with the shield as before, only that the pressure of the atmosphere is twenty pounds to the square inch, and things generally are hot and discomforting. The trollies are run into the working, and laden ones take their places in the lock. The door is closed again, the outer valve opened; the roar begins, grows, and dies away, and with the laden trollies you emerge into peace and quietness. The trollies are run on to the cage in the shaft one by one and go aloft, and you follow them.

In the open, behind the statue, was the temporary engine-room in which the three air compressors were pounding round persistently; and opposite them were the carts in waiting into which the clay was pitched to fill them to the brim—"You can carry another shovelful in front there, and a little more on the left-hand side." Evidently good measure had to be taken away, no matter how short it might become when it got to Barking; and evidently there was good management in dealing with this stuff, for, considering the quantities that had to be removed, it was remarkable how little notice the carts obtained in the crowded city.

Throughout, however, there was an absence of fuss and a presence of forethought that deserved success, and Sir Benjamin Baker, Mr. Basil Mott and those associated with him may well be proud of their work, particularly of that most difficult piece of it—the railway station at the Bank of England.

W. J. GORDON.

FORESTS I HAVE CAMPED IN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.



THE GLORIOUS OAKS AND THE WAVING SEA OF VERDURE BENEATH.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
I love not man the less, but Nature more."

BYRON.

"Roses red and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew."

SPENSER.

THE last time I ventured to quote from Spenser I received an indignant letter from some stay-at-home old fogey of a Briton. He said my orthography was shameful for a living author—I wonder, by the way, how dead authors spell—and that I should go back to school.

Well, a Yankee said once that Spenser and Chaucer were both "precious shaky in their spelling." So it is Spenser who is to blame for putting an extra 'r' in forest and not poor wee me.

But to get at once to my subject. I have often wondered why camp-life in, or near to, forests has not been recommended by the medical profession as a means of restoring health to the jaded and weary men who toil and moil in cities most of the year at the drudgery of the desk's dull wood.

Forest-life has much to recommend it, and would suit many cases that a residence by the sea would only serve to aggravate.

This is not a medical paper, but one which shall deal in a humble way with natural history, yet one or two remarks concerning health seeking in the wild woods green may not be out of place.

Take cases of nervousness for example. Well, the physician generally says, "Go to the seaside and have a spell at bracing up." But is he always right? Most certainly not. The possession of irritable nerves is like having a sore on one's finger—everything seems to hit it, or go against it. The nervous man or woman at the seaside is irritated by the dust, dazzled even by the sun's glare upon the water—and this is really bad for the brain—or buffeted about by the winds which seem blowing everlastingly, till temper is lost and the brain feels all on fire. The patient is told to walk; well, the patient does walk, and returns to his lodgings or hotel too tired to talk, to eat, or to sleep.

Compare this to the calm of cottage life, say in the New Forest. Here the wind is never fierce, the sun's rays never strong, for there is shelter from both. Wander where a man may, if

he has a soul above a jack-snipe, he will find things to admire, to wonder at, and to love. The birds make sweetest music to him from every tree, the wildflowers spring wanton to be pressed, the breeze that blows, whispers and sighs through leaves and foliage laden with balsamic odours, and brings him not only health but quiet and peace, till he feels part and parcel of all the life and loveliness he sees around him, while the turf or moss is so soft and springy he never can get footsore and tired; then digestion waits on appetite and health on both.

One of the first forests I camped in, after I took to a real gipsy and caravan life, and that is now twelve years ago, was the Forest of Walmer, and there are several similar in Hants, all of which I have wandered over. Though I could not but appreciate the quiet beauty of the woods and wilds here, the heath, or heather, and the many ponds which, independently of the aquatic birds that build by their edges, or among rushes and reeds, I could have guessed, had I not read, that the trees are comparatively young, their roots going down deep, probably to feed on the bodies of their fallen forefathers buried in the marshes or bogs long ago. White of Selborne, if I remember well, was born in 1720, and all these parts at that time consisted entirely of sandy soil, clad in heath and fern, diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in its whole extent. Since his day, of course, it has been enclosed and planted.

Black oak is found in the bog land here, and fatty fir trunks among the peat itself.

What I enjoyed most, however, was roving about and studying the wild flora, and the strange creatures I met with in and on the ponds themselves, to say nothing of the birds peculiar to the district and far too numerous to mention here. In wanderings like these a naturalist feels wonderful pleasure, nor are his lonely walks of observation ever handicapped by that sleepy or drowsy feeling in which sea air never fails to steep the senses. On a moor or bog, or in a forest, the mind is clear and the soul is active. There seems to be champagne in the very air one breathes.

Probably the English forest in which I have most often pitched my camp—simply with my caravan Wanderer and a tiny tent—is the New Forest.

If it be true that ancient kings of England used to hunt priests around the oaks for sport, it is a very old forest indeed. Yet to me it is ever young and new. No sooner do fences and hedgerows end, and the feathery brackens—a grand green undergrowth that flanks the road all along with an ocean of fronds—tell me that I am really in the forest at last, then my spirits rise, and, however tired I may have been before, all sense of fatigue is banished at once by a glimpse at the glorious oaks and the waving sea of verdure beneath. Even the horses prick up their ears, and trot along more gaily than before.

But soon I must order my coachman to pull up for awhile, it seems desecration to break the silence even by the rattle of wheels.

Then Lassie, my St. Bernard, and I dive far into the woodland and do our best to lose ourselves, or sit down under some ancient lord of the forest to dream; the sigh or song of the wind overhead sending us almost to sleep. Having no compass I have often lost myself thus in reality, but Lassie is the best of guides; I have but to turn to her and say in my ordinary tone of voice,

"We're going home now, Lassie, to the caravan; trot on in front."

And she does.

But it is strange how mixed one gets in a forest like this, for often the dog has taken a direction that I could not get myself to believe was right.

For the time being, however, the dog was the superior being.

I have camped in many parts of this grand old forest, and at Lyndhurst itself. Lyndhurst is a pretty little town, and but for the everlasting jangle of bells by night as well as by day it would be enjoyable enough.

But it is generally amidst the glories of June that I find myself in the New Forest:

"The trees are full of crimson buds,
The woods are full of birds;
And the waters flow like music,
Like a tune with pleasant words."

There is green heath here now as well as ferns and brackens. And oh! a drive through this forest on a lovely day in June is a treat that can never be forgotten. As our horses go trotting on, the picture or panorama goes flitting past us at each side, changing so quickly that hardly have we time to glance at one view until another takes its place.

Cottages of quaintest form, I say in my latest caravan book,¹ thick straw roofs black and grey with age, and vandyked with semi-attics; all with gardens; all embowered in roses—roses yellow, red, pink, or white; climbing, creeping, trailing, wriggling roses; roses that will not be denied, that cover the walls, clamber over the thatch, peep in through cosy, wee, prettily curtained bedroom windows, up over the roof, and eke around the chimney; roses that storm even the closely trimmed holly-trees, and dispute possession with the ivies that mantle old barns, half-ruined sheds and crumbling walls; roses everywhere, filling the sunny air with their delicious perfume.

The rhododendrons, too, are a sight never to be forgotten. There are open glades in this forest; shady lanes; lovers' walks; trees that impress one with their grand and hoary age and their wondrous glory of leaf and limb; streamlets wild as wild can be and very independent, that flow rapidly onwards or wind and laze as the whim seems to strike them; lingering here to toy with the trees; bursting into song as they

¹ "Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy."

go whirling over a pebbly bottom; going to sleep long enough in shady nooks for water-lilies to grow and float on them, or forming pools that quench the thirst of the denizens of the forest.

Animals here are but half tame, all in crowds or droves. Ponies in droves, with wee half-daft foals at their feet, that lean against gnarled trees, or stand pensive beneath the parent neck, or lie like dead "things" on their sides, their long legs stretched out in the sunshine; cattle in mobs; gaunt-looking geese in droves in the grassy glades; black pigs in scores; and flocks of golden-yellow, half-fledged ducklings sailing calmly on the ponds or tadpole-hunting in the quagmires.

And all this glory is enhanced by the melody of a thousand beautiful birds, which I have no space even to name.

Who would not live for a spell during summer in a forest like this?

But, hey presto! one turn of my mental kaleidoscope and I find myself in the forest of Savernake, encamped in a green field close beside a dreamy canal, over which the most gorgeous dragon-flies to be seen in England are floating.

Without referring to my notes I have sunny memories of this wide domain, which has a character all its own, of its beautiful sylvan scenery, of its majestic trees, some such as the Queen Oak and Duke's Vaunt, worth walking miles to see, and the King Oak, now but a wreck, but which must have been indeed a forest hero in his day and generation.

Could those ancient trees but speak, what stories of the past would they not tell us!

There are here, too, no less than eight green grassy avenues radiating from a general centre, and the principal of these, one of beech, is said to be five miles long.

I camped here two days, but was driven away by a kind of horse fly, as big as an ordinary hive bee. These bit us so that our hands were swollen like boxing-gloves and our horses' necks were so large that hardly would they take the collar.

Still earlier in the season the naturalist might spend a most enjoyable week in this delightful neighbourhood.

And now we come to the romantic and wild Forest of Dean. It was a terrible pull for my horses past Cinderford, and up and up for miles into a kind of fairy-land. I had the good luck however to meet a gipsy, who gave me a trace, and in an hour's time was camped under a huge beech-tree and opposite the cosy hotel, Speech House.

Now England (I don't mean Britain) has few forests that can be compared with this wild woodland of Dean. The very fact that it is mostly on high ground; that it has hills and dells all charmingly wooded, splendid beeches, each a poem; trees of every kind, with green soft turf beneath; peeps of glorious scenery, such as we catch from that wonderful mountain rock, Symond's Yat, with the lovely Wye wind-

ing in and out not far away—should cause this solemn and beautiful forest to be far more popular among tourists than it is. The view from Speech House is magnificent. No undergrowth here—the wondrous beeches rise from a greensward so soft that the feet sink in it as in a silk carpet. "And this velvet turf," says my friend Mr. John Bellows the publisher, "has been trodden by grim greybearded Celtic Druids; Roman worshippers of Mars and Jupiter; Saxon votaries of Thor and Woden; Julius Fontius who conquered the Silures; William the Conqueror of England; steel-clad baron and belted knight; plumed Cavalier and crop-eared Roundhead, all in turn. And all in turn they have passed away, yet an old-world savour of them still haunts these forest glades, a glamour-spell of wonderment and awe and mystery."

The birds, even more than the wildflowers, are a study here, and I with some made acquaintance for the first time.

Greater hospitality did the Wanderer never receive, not even in dear old Yorkshire nor bonnie Scotland, than from the landlord of Speech House. I never eat nor sleep out of my caravan, but I enjoyed many a little attention for all that. I was even driven to Symond's Yat, and when going on—the caravan master is always going on—he gave me a trace down and up some awful hills.

If you go to this romantic forest, reader, just make up your mind to stay at least a fortnight; start from Gloucester after reading your guide-book, and don't forget to visit Pleasant Stile, the Devil's Chapel, Sugar-Loaf Skerry, Black Mountain Craigs, the great trees, oak and beech, the wondrous Yat, and the valley of the bonnie Wye itself. You'll come back with a store of health that you never could have gained at the seaside, and you'll come back, too, calm and happy, instead of nervous and excited.

In Epping Forest I have camped over and over again, and a dear delightful woodland it is, albeit parts of it are stormed at times by thousands of East-enders. But take my advice, go on miles farther Epping way if you desire to see the real forest, where I love to believe that fairies are still to be found. Here the trees are not so high, but if you dive deep into the woodland you will be well rewarded.

Nowadays our hunting of deer in England is all a sham, cruel and stupid, especially that with the Queen's Staghounds. But in those days deer were wild, and birds perhaps needed to be kept down by the romantic sport of hawking. And scenes such as the following were often beheld in the good old times. "The bugles are sounding at daybreak in the court of a noble mansion to call the inmates from their slumbers to assist in a splendid chase. Peter the falconer is in attendance with falcons for the knights, and tercelet for the ladies. Five stout yeomen keepers, with their attendants called Ragged Robins, all meetly arrayed in Kendal Green, with bugles and short hangers by their sides, lead the

hounds (brachits) by which the deer are to be put up. Ten brace of gallant greyhounds (Scottish), each of which was able to pluck down singly the tallest red deer, are led in leashes, each by a forester. Add to this the pages, squires, and attendants, all gaily attired, some on foot, some on horseback, with boar-spears, long bows and cross-bows." Truly a splendid turn out! And the minstrels sing:

"Waken! lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear.

Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds in the brake are gleaming,
Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken! lords and ladies gay."

But now all is changed.

Now all is golf!

In the sylvan glades higher up, many a sweet little wild floweret nods over brown pools; there are brackens here too, and crimson heather in autumn, and lakelets surrounded by rushes and sedges, and starred over with water-lilies. Here too we have all the silence of a forest primeval—a silence broken only by the music of birds hidden in the whispering foliage.

Dick Turpin knew this forest. Time, and the fair sex, have thrown a halo of romance about this thorough rascal, who, were he alive to-day, would be brought to his senses by the cat-o'-nine-tails. He used to hide at High Beech, and he and his gang

"Slept all day and waked all night,
And kept the country round in fright."

He was only a butcher's apprentice to begin with, and got kicked out for robbing the till. Then he married and set up as a butcher at Luton, but instead of buying beasts he stole them. Next he became a smuggler, then joined a band of deer-stealers in Epping Forest. His deeds were most dastardly. He burned one old lady nearly to death to cause her to confess where her gold was stored, and brutally beat to death a man called Mason.

The only thing that can be said in favour of this "dashing highwayman" is that he died game, gaily chatting with the hangman for half an hour before he threw himself off.

But here I am in Sherwood Forest, and

"Here each tree, by summer crowned,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
And a spirit not its own
O'er the greenwood now is thrown."

This splendid forest was in ancient times sacred to bold Robin Hood and his little men. It is beautiful in the extreme, and well kept up. Its grand old gnarled oaks—many hung in chains to keep their tottering trunks up—straight green paths of velvet turf radiating from a lovely Russian bungalow in the centre, its birds, wildflowers, and cloudlands

of trees, all dwell in my memory like a half-forgotten yet beautiful dream.

The forest and forest lands are, however, mostly level, and this causes it to lack much of the romance that hangs around the forest of Dean. Nevertheless the woods and the country all round are well worthy of a visit.

I have camped among many lovely woods in Norfolk and Suffolk and in the Land of the Broads, and a dear, delightful land it is. People who have little repose about them should visit it, if only for the sake of boating or yachting on the beautiful Broads, all among the wildflowers, all among the strange birds, the gulls, the grebes, and the twittering warblers, and all among the whispering reeds.

There is many an old-fashioned cosy inn here, and peace so dwells over all the scenery that you scarce can help believing yourself to be living in the good old times a hundred years ago.

When I cross the Border and get well away up into Perthshire facing and climbing the Grampian Hills, I cannot help saying to myself:

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

We in Scotland say the "Grampian Hills," but they are mountains of the highest and wildest description, and from the rent and riven sides of many the snow never departs. If anyone wants to see a real forest he must camp somewhere near Blair Athol. This vast territory, of some forty square miles, is wild in the extreme—deep, dark, waving pine-woods, the very silence of which would appal you; rugged mountains, lonely lakes and streams, the home of the real red deer, the capercailzie¹ and the ptarmigan.

Higher up among the mountains you may see forests of stunted growth, trees twisted into all kinds of weird forms by the force of the winds and the biting blasts that blow in winter drear and wild. In all probability these trees owe their origin to the rooks that fetch fir-cones from the distant lower forests and here pick out the seeds.

On a very high moorland about twenty miles above Inverness I camped near to a buried forest. The cuttings made for peats revealed the prostrate trunks of the pine trees, which may have lain here for many thousands of years, when both boars and bears could be found in these far northern forests. But the climate when those giants flourished must have been milder far than it now is.

¹ Pronounced Caupercailie. The "z" in Scottish words is seldom sounded; Dalziel, for instance, is "Dayeel," Gilzean is "Gilyeen," etc.

When cutting peats even in the lowland bogs of Aberdeenshire, older fir than even this is found—it is full of oil or turpentine, and is used by the old wives when knitting stockings of a night. They knit in the dark, or by the fitful glare of the peat fire, and only light what they call a "fir-candle" to enable them to see to pick up a loop.

I camped a year ago night after night by the banks of the swift rolling Dee, 'twixt Banchory, Balmoral, and Braemar, and was much struck by the stern and gloomy grandeur of the pine-

forests that clothe the glens and rise darkling up against the mountain-sides.

I spent but a fortnight, however, among these woods; but the balsamic and odoriferous breeze that blows through them, I could not help thinking, must have a far more healthful and calmative effect than even seaside air.

If this paper, brief though it be, shall but induce lovers of Nature to visit the forests of our beautiful Britain instead of lazing and dawdling at the seaside, I shall indeed be rewarded, and they will have to thank me for the suggestion.

FIGHTING THE PESTILENCE.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCES IN INDIA.



SURAT, ON THE TAPTI.

"SHIVA the Destroyer has come!"

Thus the devout and poetic phraseology of the Hindu announced that the awful visitant—Plague—had at last, after devastating Bombay, reached Surat "the beautiful," that interesting old city, with its ancient walls and gates and evidences of the Dutch settlers of the olden time.

Surat by its situation—twelve miles from the sea in the west, and connected by rail in the south with Bombay, north with the more important towns of Western India—was speedily recognised by Government as a most dangerous

centre for the dissemination of plague, and measures were at once taken to avert such a calamity. Thus, within a week of my landing in Bombay, one of the little army of doctors and nurses sent out by the India Office to swell the forces at war with plague, I was placed in charge of the Plague Hospital in Surat, with the assistance of another London Sister.

"The day we landed!" What a delightful and never-to-be-forgotten sensation! Everything new and fresh, and, to our inexperience, interesting. The London ward seemed an incident years back in my life, and yet only a

few weeks ago it had filled all my heart and thoughts.

To-day, for the first time, I saw India, "the land of beauty and mystery," as an enthusiastic civilian of thirty-three years' standing described her to me. The jaunty yellow hats of the

so they won't get it after all!" A daintily served dinner, and sound sleep in the luxurious hotel, made us forget all our troubles, and, in accordance with our instructions, we proceeded to report ourselves to the Surgeon-General at the Town Hall, where his secretary,



EVACUATING A STREET.

native police struck us in marked contrast with the enormous sun-helmets of the European officials, whilst the stiff conical "erection" of the Parsi made the gorgeous turbans of Hindu and Mussulman appear all the more brilliant and picturesque. Two hours' wrestling with the Dock officials for the possession of our luggage somewhat damped our enthusiasm. Imagine a shed with the letters of the alphabet distributed at regular intervals on the wall, and under each letter a mass of luggage; but don't imagine that, because your name is "Smith," it necessarily follows that your boxes are waiting for you under "S"! After a patient and minute search, you will probably find them under "F," well mixed with "Brown's" possessions. The kindly interference of some Anglo-Indian fellow-passenger rescued us from despair, and finally landed us in some Bombay "cabs," *en route* for the Great Western Hotel.

Our peace was short-lived; for we had hardly cleared the dock surroundings when two hot perspiring natives pursued us with the information that we still owed the authorities one rupee for some mysterious fee. One of our passengers, a lawyer, was disposed to argue the justice of the claim, but finally settled the question, to his own satisfaction, by giving the money to a native policeman, cheerfully remarking at the same time, "He will stick to it,

Surgeon-Captain Grayfoot, received us most kindly.

We found ourselves immediately confronted with the question, "Inoculation or no inoculation?" We sat in a row and argued the point among ourselves, much to the amusement of the officials, who gave us ten minutes to decide, with the result that four of the sisters decided for and six against. The next morning the four candidates for Professor Haffkine's prophylactic serum drove along the beautiful bay and up the famous Malabar Hill, in search of the Laboratory in the Nepean Sea Road.

Here we found that five of the English doctors had also consented to the "operation," and had just bared their arms; so we hastened to fall in ourselves. Haffkine has a most interesting and courteous personality, and is a perfect enthusiast over his discovery, which, although at present in the initial stages, has doubtless wonderfully reduced the mortality from plague amongst those who have consented to the temporary inconvenience of fever, lasting one or two days, and a painful stiff arm for three or four days.

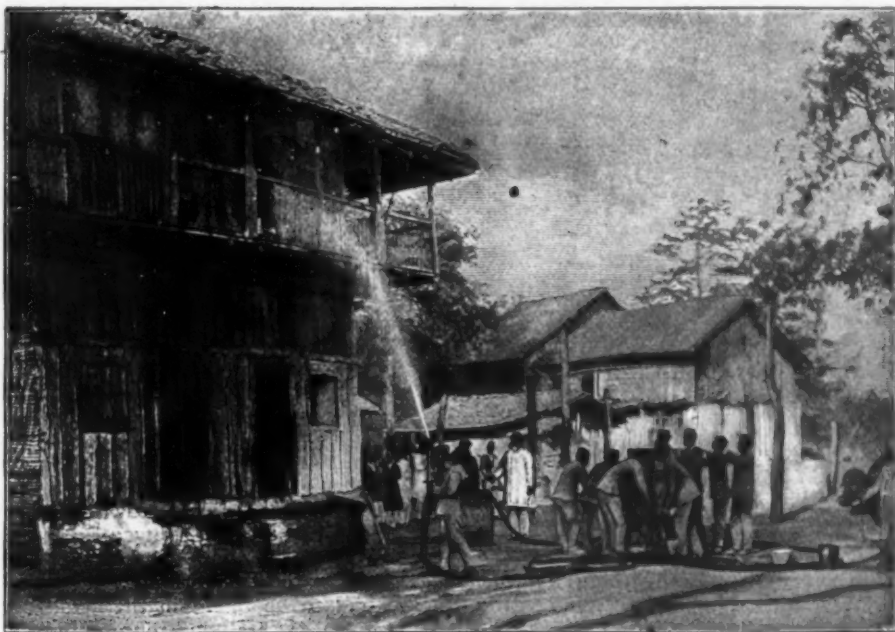
The serum is prepared by propagating the plague bacillus in a beef-tea culture, which is brought to a temperature sufficient to destroy the life of the germ. Small glass tubes are filled with the fluid and hermetically sealed, the



EVACUATED STREET.

regulation quantity being injected into the blood by means of a hollow needle attached to a syringe. As soon as we had recovered from the effects of inoculation, we were, as before mentioned, despatched to Surat.

the scene of our labours. An imposing red-turbaned "pati-wallah" (messenger) handed us a note of instructions from our principal medical officer. Feeling completely and utterly lost in the strangeness of our surroundings, we



DISINFECTING HOUSES.

Railway travelling in India is certainly luxurious, but we were very glad to arrive at our journey's end and feel that we were really at

followed our leader to a vehicle that looked like a bathing-machine, whilst our baggage followed leisurely in a bullock-cart.

It was too dark to see much of our surroundings, and we both felt relieved to land safely in a tiny bungalow, where a row of native servants in their picturesque clothes took possession of us. The butler flew to get us tea, the hamal (man housemaid) unpacked boxes, made beds, and fetched hot baths, whilst the cook excelled himself in preparing a dinner to which we did full justice.

The inner man thus refreshed, we adjourned to our tiny verandah, where, under the silver splendour of an Indian moon, we sat listening to the unaccustomed sounds, and trying to "locate" ourselves.

Our "shanty" was within a few yards of the hospital, and opposite to us was a line of small, one-roomed buildings, occupied, as we afterwards found, by ward-boys, surgical dressers, cooks, and other native workers in the hospital. A low wall divided all from the road, and beyond that again the Tapti lay like a silver bar against the dark palm-befringed shore.

At last we retired to bed—but not to sleep, for jackals and watchmen broke the weird monotony of the wailing, which lasted almost through the night, as corpse after corpse was carried out of hospital by broken-hearted mourners into the little square beneath our bedroom windows.

The next morning we met the various plague officials, and endeavoured to grasp the situation before we actually began work. The Civil Hospital and the High School, both beautiful buildings, parts of a spacious square,

the dangerous and arduous work. Under their superintendence, the plague-stricken were removed to hospital, and the relatives and neighbours to the segregation camps outside the town. Health camps were also provided for those who wished to leave the infected city, from streets not yet infected.

The camps were under the able superintendence of Surgeon-Captain Dyson and Dr. Hill, and were models of order and discipline, whilst, at the same time, strict observation was paid to the caste-prejudices and requirements of so mixed a population.

Daily passes were granted to enable the people to pursue their usual work, but the holders of passes were obliged to return to camp at nightfall.

An English sergeant with some native police maintained order and supervised the large body of natives employed as sweepers and scavengers. The camps looked like little towns, with the long lines of small huts, a hut for each family, and a separate line for each caste. Each "street" had its distinguishing letter, and its street lamps, and a native bazaar within the enclosure provided food, fuel, oil, and other necessities.

We found the hospital literally crammed with patients.

Through the day, and up to a late hour at night, the carts brought their ghastly burdens of the plague-stricken, sometimes whole families struck down as with one blow.

A relation or friend was allowed to accompany

each patient—a necessary concession to the fears and prejudices of a people who supposed that the Empress had sent an order for a large consignment of livers, which were to be obtained from the dead bodies!

The clinical thermometer met with some opposition as a possible means of injecting poison!

Poor things, how closely they watched us! But soon, very soon, their suspicions gave way to boundless trust and confidence; and what devoted tireless nurses they made!

From the above remarks it will be gathered that, at first, the attitude of the people towards plague measures was antagonistic to an extent hardly to be

grasped by the Western mind, and the utmost care had to be taken in the smallest details, which, to the Hindu, represented faith and honour, and it was the fear lest these possessions, dearer than life itself, should be taken from them, made them rather die than seek the aid of the Government hospitals.

The presence of Englishwomen in the wards,



IN THE PLAGUE HOSPITAL.

of which the bank and the English church formed the other two sides, had been converted into plague hospitals, with the addition of a line of sheds for low-caste patients.

The city itself was divided into wards, daily searched for plague patients by the ward superintendents, who were for the most part Englishmen, who had nobly volunteered for

and the discharge of convalescent patients, were facts more convincing than any amount of Government assurance and promises, and after a few weeks the change in the mind of the populace was marvellous. The dread of hospital almost disappeared, though, of course,

two dispensers, four ward-boys, two sweepers, an ancient midwife and a Hindu nurse; so that Sister A and myself alone constituted the English element.

The disease took very different forms. In the more favourable, the simple "bubonic"



HINDU FUNERAL CEREMONIES: WASHING THE BODY IN THE RIVER TAPTI.

the dread of loss of property, and enforced segregation of the healthy, caused concealment of many cases, which was the more easily done by the connivance of ignorant and inferior native *sor-disant* "assistants" blinded by bribery. The hospitals were under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Nariman, a Parsi who

large and intensely painful swellings occurred in the glandular regions, and absolute rest, with plenty of stimulants and nourishment, and careful nursing, usually produced a fairly speedy recovery. A septicæmic form set up a blood poisoning, which seemed to slowly drain the life of the victim.



HINDU FUNERAL CEREMONIES: BURNING THE BODY.

by his ability and merits had obtained distinction in the Indian Medical Service.

The staff, which was entirely native, comprised house surgeon, assistant house surgeon, two visiting doctors (one of them a lady doctor for the female patients), two surgical dressers,

Other cases passed into a state of semi-unconsciousness, lasting frequently for weeks; whilst on the other hand, men, apparently well and at work at noon, had suddenly developed high fever and delirium, and died before sunset.

The most fatal and infectious type is the

pneumonic, where the bacillus seemed to attack primarily the lungs, and multiply with astonishing rapidity, and the disease almost invariably proved fatal; though I have seen two recoveries from this, the most terrible, form of plague.

I used to rise before daybreak, so as to get over to hospital early, and then the work of the day began with counting the dead. The people of Guzerat have a curious custom of placing a dying person on the floor, and, as the last breath leaves the body, a little lamp is lit and kept constantly burning for ten days.

To our Western minds, the appearance of the wards at break of day was too awful. Here some unfortunate had evidently died in the act of trying to reach the ground. There another had fallen in a heap in the same attempt, whilst

buboes, the supervision of the distribution of food to the patients and their friends, made the time fly till the daily official round of the civil surgeon.

Fresh orders having been attended to, and the patients' midday food distributed, we were now free for bath, breakfast, and a brief rest before the afternoon and evening work commenced.

On alternate evenings, Sister A. and I drove in the cool of the day, or visited the club, where social intercourse with the English residents formed a pleasant break in the monotony of our duties. About nine we dined, and afterwards my last round at night was occupied chiefly in noting the violently delirious patients, and tying them down with long sheets and



PLAYING AT BEING "DOCTOR."

empty beds with corpses by the side showed where the faithful friend had carried out the last wish. With the first light of morning, the relations trooped in to carry away the loved ones, and I could not but be touched with the reverence and refinement which accompanied the last offices.

Two women held a sheet as a screen, whilst the nearest relation washed the body and wrapped it in a red or white cloth. The corpse was then strewn with flowers, placed on a bamboo bier, and carried to the banks of the Tapti, where it was dipped in the sacred waters, and finally burnt.

The wards cleared of the dead, cleaned and aired, we had a busy time with taking the temperature, pulse, etc., and getting the patients ready for the early visit of the doctors. Medicines, fresh dressings to the swellings or

bandages. This achieved, and all directions given for the remaining hours of the night, I had to coax the relatives into snatching some sleep on the rug by the bedside. It was marvellous to witness the absolute devotion to their sick on the part of these self-instituted "nurses." One little girl of twelve nursed her father, mother, and five brothers and sisters. They all died one after the other, till only the little boy of three years old was left. How we watched and nursed him!—and to our joy he slowly recovered. It was a grand day for the little heroine when she carried her brother out of hospital, both resplendent in the gorgeous new clothes we provided for the occasion.

It was literally work among the dead and dying. The entrances and passages were often full of patients for whose beds there was no room in the wards till the dead had been carried

out. I remember one poor mother with her husband dead, her sons and daughters dying round her, in her dying delirium pushing away her sturdy baby-boy, whilst he struck with his little fists at the breast that could no longer nourish him. He was quite the fair type of Hindu, and with his clustering glossy curls looked like the Italian "bambino." It was a strange and pathetic sight to see this tiny survivor of a whole family, sitting on the floor amidst the dead, who had doubtless loved him so dearly, with childish ignorance clamouring for the bowl of milk with which Tukeram, my old ward-boy, was feeding him. My open admiration of the child's beauty led the natives to think I was going to adopt him! Poor little mite, I clothed him in a long vest and sent him off to a relative of his own in camp.

The fruit of our labours was in the convalescent wards, which were happy and cheerful, those who were strong enough sitting up laughing and chatting, playing games with cards, or listening to the tales of a grandfather, whilst the children played with each other.

They were all eager to help, and used to delight in carrying the ink and pens whilst I wrote their charts, the idea of which they very quickly grasped.

Their affectionate gratitude was all the more appreciated when we realised the horror with which they had, in the beginning, regarded the thought of coming into hospital.

One of the pictures shows a corner of a convalescent ward. The two patients were husband and wife, and the old lady on the end of the bed the mother-in-law. The junior ward-boy strikes an attitude at the head, delighted, as natives invariably are, to be photographed.

One darling little boy, about five years old, accompanied his mother, who came in to nurse her eldest son. The youngster soon became the hospital pet. He was my constant companion, trotting up and down after me, and insisting, in spare moments, on fun and frolic.

His mischievous tricks won him his name of "Cheeky," by which he always introduced himself to visitors. His favourite device was to play at being "doctor"—"sister" to hold the basin of water, and the Hindu lady-doctor the towel, whilst the miniature "M.D.," mounted on the table, washed his small "paws" with delighted condescension.

In the fourth month of my work I was laid up with a mild attack of the disease. The slughtness of the attack proved very conclu-

sively the truth that inoculated persons, though dwelling in the very midst of plague, are almost proof against the malady, and, if they do take the infection, take it in the very mildest form. The fever left me very weak, and "gone" in the legs. The usual "change" being prescribed for me, I took it in an unusual but delightful form.

One of the compact little yachts employed in collecting the salt revenues was placed at my disposal. My butler speedily packed the provisions and necessities, sending them on with the indispensable "chokra," or general boy whilst he followed with the "mem-sahib."

I am a good sailor, and the delights of that trip down the Tapti, out to sea, along the coast, putting in at night into picturesque creeks, dwells in my memory. At the end of the ten days I returned to Surat a "new woman."

For four months the fell disease had devastated the city, but with the warmer winds of March a rapid change for the better set in, and so I was not surprised at the receipt of the Government order to transfer my services to a new battle-field.

For five months I had lived in the closest contact and sympathy with the people, and the parting came as a real wrench. I had indeed learnt that, in spite of the difference of race and religion which makes it so difficult for the average Englishman to understand the workings of the native mind, the Hindu, with all his faults, is capable of the deepest gratitude. His trust and devotion once secured, it is no half-hearted sentiment, but a power that will take him to the death. Every Hindu is not a saint any more than every Englishman, but their devotion to parents and relatives, their tenacity to religious principles, and their meek resignation to what they deem the dictates of a Divine retribution, are facts which compel our respect and sympathy for our Hindu subjects. I cannot but think that the experiences of this terrible pestilence will make a wider breach in the wall of antagonism between ruler and ruled, and that, with the entry of the fresher air of knowledge and understanding, in the years to come the native may realise that mercy and justice move hand in hand with the government of the British Raj.

All castes and classes brought their wreaths and garlands of flowers, and united in wishing us God-speed and good fortune as the train bore us away from the scene of so many joys and labours.

A. V. STEWART.

JOHN ENGLAND'S OUTGOING.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



THE MISTRESS OF BUCKLANDS.

CHAPTER I.—BUCKLANDS.

BUCKLANDS was called a house of the old fashion even by the Georgian contemporaries of the owner of it—Jasper England. One of the finest mansions in Yorkshire, it stood in the midst of a park well-stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. A long, narrow bowling-green was here, and near to it was a banqueting-room, built, like a stand, in a large tree. Both it and the bowling-green showed signs of long disuse.

All sorts of hounds that ran fox, hare, otter, and badger were kept by the master of Bucklands, and it was no uncommon thing to see marrow-bones litter the great hall of his mansion, which the human occupants of it shared with hounds, spaniels, and terriers, and which was hung with fox-skins of the current year's killing.

He who looked to find a different state of affairs obtain at Bucklands in the living-room, or, as it was called, "the parlour," was doomed to disappointment, for in this room on a broad hearth lay the more favoured terriers, hounds, and spaniels. In the window-niches, which were very large, and in the four corners of the room, were weapons of the hunt, and on different tables lay bells, old hats with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasants' eggs, and a store of tobacco-pipes.

Opposite to the large entrance-door to this room was a smaller one which opened into a closet in which were kept ale and wine, which never came out except in single glasses. This rule of the house—one sufficiently strange in days so marked by conviviality as those in which Jasper England lived—the maker of it explained on the grounds that he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed.

The grave morality which gave its character to that explanation ruled in another matter. At one end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a Bible, and the other the "Book of Martyrs."

Those books represented the entire library at Bucklands.

It has still to be said that in the closet at the parlour's end there was mostly to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie with a thick crust, well-baked. The master of Bucklands was fond of saying that his table cost him not much, but it was good to eat at.

Jasper England, at the age of threescore and ten years, was tall and erect of stature, and of a ruddy complexion with flaxen hair, turning, but not yet entirely turned, to white. His clothes, which like his house were of the old

fashion, were always of green cloth. He was handsome, in spite of a straightness of line in brow and lips that gave to his face a marked sternness and pride. Very strong and very active, at the age of threescore and ten years he got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the fox. It was noticed that on the hunt, of which he was an ardent lover, he was commonly accompanied by two or more of his children, the youth of whom was in strong contrast with his age, for their years ranged from ten to three-and-twenty.

The ten-year-old child, a sturdy little girl, the motherless and sole daughter of Jasper England, was the mistress of Bucklands, and discharged herself of the duties which fell to her in that capacity in a manner which is beyond all praise.

Little Dorothy England, however, was unable to cope with a difficulty which in course of time arose in connection with her brother John. In fact, she to some extent brought about this difficulty.

CHAPTER II.—DINNER AT BUCKLANDS.

"IT looked like the golden age."—Such is the dictum of one who was in his day privileged to join the dinner-party at Bucklands.

Opinions concerning the golden age differ widely, and there are persons with whose conception of it the dinner-party at Bucklands might not accord.

The company, which was very large and varied, consisted of the master of the house, his five sons, his daughter, and most of the common domestic animals, with a sprinkling of those that are less common and less domestic.

Jasper England took the head of his table, and his daughter took the foot. Three sons were provided with seats at one side of it, and at the other the remaining two lads and an aged and enfeebled quadruped friend of the family were provided with seats. Other furred and feathered favourites distributed themselves in interstices and at chair-backs, the entire arrangement of things at the outset resembling nothing more than a reversal of the usual order by which human beings betake themselves to a zoological garden to watch the animals feed.

The absence of noise and clamour was noticeable, for, albeit the thump of here and there a heavy tail expressed pleasurable anticipation, as did the flutter once in a while of feathers, there was none of the loud ebullience which generally makes an animal at a dinner-table seem the thing that might be dispensed with.

This decorum was the more striking that, though, by what under the circumstances was a very sensible arrangement, dog-whips formed a part of the table appointments, it was a rare thing for them to be called into play.

On the day here in view, being that upon which John England elected for the first time in his life to run counter to his father in a main

matter, the meal did not take quite its general course, though at first there was no indication of anything happening other than usual.

On the stroke of three o'clock the entire party was assembled. This punctuality was the outcome of a rule relentlessly enforced, by which the least deviation from exactness in time was punished by eviction of the offender.

A glance at his daughter from the master of Bucklands as usual led to Dorothy's describing a circle in air with whipcord, upon which a perfect hush ensued. Grace before meat was then said, and the meal began.

For a time all went peaceably. Then a prolonged growl was heard. It had in it a note which to those who have knowledge in certain matters proclaimed it as not without righteous cause. The master of Bucklands looked again at his daughter.

Dorothy, in sisterly loyalty, wore an expression of blank nescience.

Jasper England then looked at his sons, one after the other. His gaze alighted last on the youngest of them. This person had a bone in his hand.

The young inmates of Bucklands sometimes dispensed with forks, articles which a hundred years ago were less in use to the entire exclusion of fingers than they are now. Consequently the fact of this boy's having a bone in his hand did not incriminate him. What did incriminate him was the blush which suffused his face.

"George, that bone is Jowler's," his father said indignantly. "Make instant restitution of it, sir."

George made instant restitution of the bone, the blush on his face deepening, for an aggravating circumstance attaching to his act was that he had made a raid on the plate set down before the aged and enfeebled four-foot friend of the family.

Dorothy, in kindly sympathy with the disgraced delinquent, had ceased to ply her knife and fork, and by means of a furtive action a little spaniel now removed a piece of liver from her plate, and crossed the room with it. Her fault was to find her out, however, and midway in her transit she was brought to a standstill by the master of Bucklands saying:

"Doxy, give that liver back to Miss Dorothea!"

The master of Bucklands only called his daughter Miss Dorothea to the brute creature when highly incensed. Doxy retraced her steps, and mournfully did as bidden.

A wise axiom has it that discipline must be maintained, and it is certain that an utter impartiality such as that which marked the rules imposed upon man and beast by the master of Bucklands has much to be said in its favour.

On the other hand, a dinner which took the course of the one described in the foregoing, has aspects under which it is not entirely delectable. As Dorothy amiably ate the liver restored to her under compulsion by Doxy,

John England uttered a sound which, like the growl of Jowler, had a world of protest in it, while to the master of Bucklands there was not in it that something which proclaims a growl as justified. Accordingly he paused in carrying a morsel to his lips, and said with an ominous contraction of his face:

"Son John, you much offend me."

The rest of the meal passed in lugubrious silence, which had reached a painful tensity when it was suddenly broken with a snap.

This was the result of a sharp tapping at the window. The person who had administered it met the surprised glances of the diners with a smile, and rode on. She was followed by another rider, who passed the window without turning her face.

It was usual for these riders, two young gentlewomen, when going the nearest way to their home, to ride through Bucklands Park, and it was not unusual for them to ride past the dining-room window. It was also when they did this the custom with them to ride one of them with glance aside, and the other with glance fixed straight ahead. This thing had often been noticed by John, and had never before been made to weigh in his liking of the two gentlewomen. On this occasion it biased him in favour of one of them, and he was conscious of a strong desire to see her again. This being so, he observed with gratification that steps were being taken to arrest her progress.

Dorothy, with winged feet and the cry of "Alce!" was speeding after the riders.

CHAPTER III.—JOHN'S PREFERENCE.

ALCE—with her full name Alce (or Alice) Steptoe—was the cousin of the girl with whom she was riding, and the resemblance between the two kinswomen, which was heightened by the circumstance that their ages were the same and that they dressed alike, was so marked that they looked more like sisters than cousins. The fact that the one girl had the manner in Georgian days termed "sprightly," and the other the manner which at the same time was termed "posed," constituted the sole difference between them which was manifest to all. Persons capable of noting finer distinctions—children with their unerring judgment on character, and a few adults who had kept clear eyes—saw that Alce, taken all in all, was the more lovely and pleasant of the two girls, though Penelope was cast in no common mould. Yet another class of persons held that there was not a pin to choose between the two handsome cousins, excepting in so far as the one was a young gentlewoman of fortune, whereas the other was a young gentlewoman not possessed and never likely to be possessed of a fortune; for, while Penelope was the sole child of a Steptoe who, himself an heir to considerable property, had increased his wealth by a marriage strictly resembling that which is extolled in old Tusser's five hundred points of good husbandry, Alce was one of many children, the daughters and

sons of a Steptoe who, having started in life with the meagre income of a younger son, had espoused a lady whose heart was her fortune.

In view of the fact that Bucklands, owing to generations of extravagant owners, was a deeply encumbered estate, it was not perhaps quite incomprehensible that Jasper England desired his eldest son and heir to retrieve the family fortunes by marrying Penelope Steptoe.

If Alce had not appeared on the scene there is every reason to believe that John would have fallen in with his father's wishes, for Penelope was as handsome as she was rich, and, as he happened to be aware, through having known her from her childhood, was as good as she was gay. But Alce had appeared on the scene, and her sweet gravity, which from the first had pleased John, suddenly took a charm which made him feel that the world held nothing so much to be desired as was she. When the two girls made their entry into the room he noticed that his little sister held Alce's hand, and that her eyes rested on the pretty grave face with a greater liking than on the pretty gay one. The thing delighted him in the way that the expression of an unsolicited agreement of opinion delights one who has newly made up his mind upon a subject of high importance.

Jasper England, a widower of nine years' standing, had acquired in some measure regarding his children the intuitions of a mother. His look now passed from his son to his daughter, and he took with perfect correctness the bearings of this case. Having done so, he called his daughter to him with some petulance, and left the room with her. The departure was little noticed, for all the sons of the house were assembled in the room, which thus presented a well-filled appearance.

Jasper England crossed a corridor with his daughter, and then passed with her into the garden. In it he walked up and down a rugged path with her.

Dorothy was accustomed to be taken into counsel by the men and boys who formed her family. She was the only female person, not an hireling, at Bucklands, and was a grave and wise damsel for her years. If he had had a wife Jasper England would have discussed with her the matter at this time occupying his thoughts. It was a thing for a woman to carry to a successful issue. As it was, the woman in little Dorothy was bringing her influence to bear upon it. Jasper looked at his daughter, and she returned his look as who should say:

"Speak, sir, and as the only woman of your family, hold me ready to reply."

Jasper then spoke.

"Thy brother John mightily affections an empty purse, Doll," he said.

John, as his sister knew him, was happier with a full purse than an empty one. The little girl's soul was not a clod, but, on the other hand, so far was Dorothy from being made of moonshine that this feature in her brother did not seem to her to redound to his discredit. She replied to this effect, and her father noticed that the

allusion to Alce Steptoe contained in his speech had passed unobserved. He stopped in his walk, Dorothy followed suit, and the man and child looked at one another.

The strong light of early afternoon flooded the little girl's face. It was a good face rather than a pretty one; the well-shaped features were somewhat too large, and the child's fair skin was densely freckled. The goodness in the face was especially noticeable in the eyes which, while bravely opened, had still a young dreamfulness in them which explained the circumstance that innuendo, even of the broadest, was wasted upon Dorothy England.

Jasper grunted, half with pleasure, then he made some remarks on the self-evident in the weather, to which Dorothy listened and at intervals responded with a courtesy born of habit.

Meanwhile events in the parlour were taking a course which, by one of life's little ironies, Jasper England had himself made it possible for them to take. In other words, John was enjoying a monopoly of Alce which it would not have been possible for him to enjoy if her admirer Dorothy had been nearer at hand.

CHAPTER IV.—A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL.

PROPINQUITY is so great a factor in love that it was not without much justification that Jasper England concluded that his son John would not sue in vain for the hand of Penelope Steptoe. He and she had grown up in the same countryside, and while she was on all hands allowed to be vastly handsome, opinion was equally unanimous concerning him as a very pretty fellow. It was not in the nature of things, as they presented themselves to even the least conventional minds in rural England of Georgian days, that the friendship existing between such a couple should not some springtide deepen into love; and while no surprise was felt that Penelope Steptoe refused suitor after suitor, John England not having yet made an offer for her hand, it was quite as little deemed strange that John England took things leisurely, there being no ground evident for him to deem haste necessary.

In a word, prior to the coming upon the scene of Alce, the marriage between John and Penelope had been a foregone conclusion with everyone—themselves not excepted. Contrary-wise, when ultimately it did not take place, everyone, with the exception of themselves, experienced poignant disappointment. John who, had events taken a slightly different course, would have willingly led Penelope to the altar, felt the elatement natural to one who, having known a good thing, has come to know a better. Penelope, the while, who would have cheerfully cast in her lot with John, thus obliging a number of persons, and not disobliging herself, was so far from seeing in him "all the gentlemen in the world" (to cite her own spirited expression) that, on its becoming manifest that John loved her cousin

Alce, she very gracefully played the new part assigned to her.

It has been said that the parlour at Bucklands, even subsequent to the withdrawal from it of Jasper England and his daughter, presented a well-filled appearance. After a few moments' sojourn there, it was borne in on Penelope that there were five persons too many present, being herself and four of the family England. She forthwith proposed to Ralph England that he should make her acquainted with "the southern hound."

This was the newest canine acquisition at Bucklands, and the fame of it under the name applied to it by Penelope was great.

The face of Ralph England became an illumination. He was the junior by only one year of John, but was so curiously youthful-looking that he might have passed for a seventeen-year-old lad. This appearance was in part the result of his frail build, which contrasted oddly with the sturdy make of his five brothers and his sister; in part it had connection with the circumstance that his face was of a girlish beauty, and extraordinarily ingenuous.

Time out of mind the second son at Bucklands had adopted the calling of a clerk in holy orders, and Ralph, the period of whose ordination was now near at hand, was about to become with his true title what he had been since childhood by his nickname—"Parson." This name, at first used with some irony, had long ceased to be invested with that attribute, and it entirely accorded with the gentle face of the bearer of it.

A striking diffidence in Parson emphasised the fact that he was a younger son, and a rumour had it that even his little brother George patronised the theologian. Be that as it may, it certainly seldom fell to Parson's share to be employed in any important function when John was at home. His great affection for his brother robbed this thing of bitterness, and made him truly thankful when, as now and again, an honourable employment was assigned to him. Shy as he was, he would not have presumed to offer his escort to the kennels to Penelope Steptoe, and when that young gentlewoman honoured him by desiring it, he was simple fellow enough to look as happy as he felt.

With a spring in his step he led the way to the stables, conscious that his three young brothers in the rear (they followed to watch the play of feature in Penelope when she should be made acquainted with the southern hound) were burlesquing his mien and step, but consoled by the belief that Penelope was unaware of this. He did not speak, because he had nothing to say which he deemed worth saying, in this respect differing from his brother George, whose critical standard was lower, and who, encouraged to speak by having observed that there was mirth in a glance of protest which Penelope had found an opportunity of directing at him, said in shrill young treble:

"Do you notice, Miss Penelope, that a mustachio is growing on Parson's lip?"

"Indeed I do, George," Penelope answered, "and, though it is not large, 'tis larger, I am sure, than the mustachio of the cricket."

This addendum silenced the wag in George, who was profoundly interested in zoology, and he said what resolved itself into a statement that it was new to him to hear that an idea prevailed that a cricket had a mustachio.

"So 'tis to me," Penelope said drily, "but there is a book I have read in which 'tis written that this insect has upper and lower lips, with all the other parts of the mouth, and many of them hairy, which I judge to be the learned way of saying that it has a mustachio."

George lapsed into a deeper gravity, then a lively conversation took place between him and his brothers, and by the time that the kennels were reached it became manifest that these three members of the party had fallen away. They had gone in search of a cricket.

Thus did ingenious Penelope contrive that Parson's pleasure in showing off the southern hound should not be spoilt by those unsparing commentators, his brothers.

John and Alce, the while, in a blissful *l'ête-à-l'ête*, were laboriously making conversation. It began by Alce's saying, with a rather disingenuous dubiousness in her tone, considering that she had certain knowledge on the point at issue:

"My cousin Penelope is gone away, I think, Mr. England."

"I think she is, Miss Steptoe," John England replied, peering round the room to give colour to an answer which took the form of a surmise.

Alce showed no intention of taking again the initiative, so John was fain to do so.

"You are come to the Quay," he said—the reference being to Bridlington Quay—"for the purpose of sea-bathing, are not you, Miss Steptoe?"

Alce had not come to Bridlington Quay for this purpose, but had come because her cousin was spending the summer season there, and had invited her. Penelope had from her childhood's days spent the summer season at Bridlington Quay; hence her close intimacy with the England family, to whom she had never been Miss Steptoe. It was to compensate her for the fact that her grandmother was unable to enter into her pursuits with the zest of former days, that Alce had been invited to make a sojourn with her, on the understanding that if friendly relations established themselves between the girls, they should continue to reside together.

Alce answered John to this effect.

"I judge the Quay pleases you," he blundered on. "'Tis an agreeable and healthful place, and there is now a considerable resort to it of genteel company."

This style of phrasing was not accounted so execrable at the end of the eighteenth century as it would be at the end of the nineteenth, and

it did not jar upon Alce Steptoe, though the place thus eulogised was so far from pleasing her that she answered:

"I have when at Bridlington Quay the feeling which I believe I should have in the metropolis, where, even if you meet your old acquaintances, I am told, they behave very cool and distant, and in some respects unfriendly. This, I suppose, is always so where too many persons are together busied in business or in pleasure."

As Alce ventilated this idea, her face, at most times earnest, expressed a depth of thoughtfulness which greatly increased its beauty.

"I think your cousin Penelope, Miss Steptoe, does not subscribe to these opinions," John said tentatively.

"I am sure she does not," was answered.

"It is for this that we are sworn friends."

John, who perfectly understood this speech, requested a clearer statement of the theory involved in it.

"Why, sure you know, Mr. England," Alce said quietly, "that love delights in opposites?"

"I have heard the adage which says so, Miss Steptoe," John replied, "but I believe that love is that which looks for its identical, as near as identical can be between a man and a woman."

Alce blushed vividly.

"I spoke, Mr. England, of two cousins— young ladies," she said, in a note of protest.

"You did so, Miss Steptoe," John England conceded, and then he did a thing which a young Georgian gentleman under given conditions could do, and bate none of his dignity. He fell upon his knees, and vowed that he would not rise until Alce gave him answer—yea or nay—to a proposal which, as he worded it, ran:

"Will you, Miss Steptoe, consent to become the wife of a gentleman entirely and only your lover?"

Alce said neither yea nor nay to this, not from hardness of heart, but from surprise, induced by the appearance upon the threshold at this moment of Jasper England, by whom the door had been opened noiselessly.

CHAPTER V.—A DISINHERISON.

THE expression of Jasper England as, standing in the doorway, he surprised his son in the act of proposing marriage to Alce Steptoe, was one of such over-indignation that a girl who was not poor in spirit could not but feel cruelly outraged.

With a whitening face Alce crossed the room, and though Jasper bulked large in the doorway, and did not move to allow of her exit, she passed him.

When in the corridor she observed that John had followed her, and with an imperious gesture signified her desire that he would let her proceed on her way alone. He obeyed her sorrowfully, and she went in search of her cousin.

Some moments later Parson was speeding

parting guests. As both his father and his brother were at Bucklands, this thing was beyond all use, and he wore a troubled look. It was noticed by Penelope, and as he helped her into her saddle, she contrived to say:

"There has been, I fear, a quarrel. I wish you will keep silence concerning this thing."

"Your wishing it shall make me do so, Penelope," Parson answered handsomely, and watched the riders out of sight.

Meanwhile John and his father were trying conclusions.

"How, sir, all huff?" So Jasper England

in my perpendicular to ask a young lady to be my wife."

Jasper snorted. He had in his day fallen at the feet of a young lady under conditions similar to those obtaining in his son's case, and there was nothing either in the spirit or the wording of John's speech which took him aback. He snorted merely because it incensed him to reflect that this very proper sentiment was uttered in connection with Alce Steptoe.

"I wish, sir," he said angrily, "you knew better than to ask to marry with beggary."

John, whose face contracted as from a sharp



THE YOUNG GEORGIAN GENTLEMAN DID NOT BATE HIS DIGNITY.

opened up conversation with his son, who, having been virtually told by Alce to return whence he came, had gone back to the parlour, and had taken up his stand at a window with an expression which the words employed by his father very accurately described.

"I believe, sir, my being all bluster," John answered, in a somewhat personal vein, "would very little mend matters."

"You are, sir, a jackanapes!" his father exclaimed. "I desire you will show me a little of that respect which brings you to your knees before young misses."

John was at no loss for an answer to this.

"I hope, sir," he said, "I know better than

cut, left this speech unanswered, and a silence set in.

Jasper broke it.

"Hey, Jack—what!" he said. "Is Penelope Steptoe's person so deformed that her fortune is to be despised?"

"Penelope's person is most beautiful, sir," John answered quietly, "but my affections are not fixed on it, and never will be fixed upon a fortune."

"Then, sir, I have done with you. I disinherit you. You may go where you will for me. The world's wide."

There was a tremor in Jasper's voice which his son knew. He had quailed before it in

childhood, and in manhood he knew the import of it too well to meet it with counter-comment.

He went from the room, and took the direction which Alce had taken. In the garden, within a few paces from the house, he came upon his brother. He put his hand on his shoulder.

"What has had place, John?" Parson asked.

"My disinherison. You are heir to Bucklands."

"Can you be serious, John?"

John nodded a very serious affirmative.

Parson's face expressed the deepest consternation. His brother looked at it, then broke into a loud laugh.

"Why, John, so merry?" Parson asked.

"Because, Parson, you are so worldly wise."

An eulogium in the form of an irony was a subtlety past Parson's immediate comprehension; for the rest, his thoughts were occupied with his brother and not with himself.

"This cannot be, John," he said, reverting to the disinherison. "You have angered our father, but in time he will come about."

It was characteristic of Parson that, while he had never known his father to illustrate the mental process in Georgian days called *coming about*, it was impossible to him to conceive of a total breaking off of relations between father and son.

"I tell you, Parson," John exclaimed, with something of impatience at this remarkable blindness in his brother, "my father has done with me, and you are heir to Bucklands."

"That, brother, I am not, and I wish you will not say I am," Parson said with some heat; adding, as he flushed deeply, "His name is thief who takes what belongs to another, which I have never done, John, and will never do."

John's face worked. His expulsion from his home was not made easier to bear that Parson wrung his heart at going. He forced a laugh, and said:

"An' you take not Bucklands, Parson, there are others will take it."

"My brothers will not," Parson protested.

"Bate George," John said drily.

George, who, it has been seen, could take a bone from a dog, was a person to whom nothing came amiss, and who could not reasonably be expected to refuse to enter into the inheritance of his family.

Parson was silent. John smiled and said:

"Heart, brother, I care not this finger-snap who becomes heir of Bucklands, but I am galled to be thrust from my father's home because I have too much honesty to ask one lady in marriage while my heart is engaged to another. Well, well, least said is soonest mended, and all my leave-taking shall be from you, Parson."

"How, John, you do not purpose to leave Bucklands without baggage, do you?" Parson exclaimed.

"I do so, indeed," was answered. "I have

in my purse what will buy me all I need on my journey, and, at the end on't——"

He paused, brought to a standstill by the sharp distress expressed in his brother's face.

"Come, Parson, heard you never of Yorkshiremen making their fortune in London?" he said gaily.

Parson's face brightened. He had certainly heard of this thing. Then he said:

"How much have you in your purse, John?"

"A hundred pound more or less, Parson,"

John answered mysteriously.

Parson was not at all astute, but he rightly gauged the word "less" to express here more exactly the state of affairs than the word "more." He forthwith took his own purse from his pocket. It was, like himself, of very slim proportions. Parson was no spendthrift, but was a lavish almoner. He reddened to find how light the purse was. John, too, reddened; then, on a well-inspired impulse, he held out his hand, and made Parson proud and happy by accepting his contribution. He did more. Parson was the owner of a sturdy Irish horse, the merits of which he never wearied of extolling. It was not beautiful, but was untiring. He now mentioned this fact again to John.

"Well, Parson!" said John.

"Why, brother, my thought was," Parson answered, "an' you would ride the hobby, the journey to London would be made the easier."

John said nothing, but strode towards the stables. The hobby was soon saddled, and, mounted on her, he bade his brother adieu.

"You are not going to London the nearest way, brother," Parson demurred, as the rider set off.

John laughed. He was going to London *via* Bridlington, which was certainly not the nearest way. He made no answer, but urged the hobby forward. When out of sight of Bucklands, he slackened speed, and for a space rode slowly, with eyes fixed in a blind stare. His hands mechanically retained hold of the reins, but the brain that should have guided them was dormant, and, for the time being numbed by an overwhelming sense of his outcast condition which suddenly came upon him, the disinherited heir of Bucklands rode like one in a dream. The hobby the while made good her master's opinion of her, by stepping on wisely and warily.

How long John England might have remained in reverie it is impossible to say. As events took their course, he was suddenly startled by a loud bark. The southern hound was alongside of him. She was his property, but it had not entered his thoughts to take her with him to London, and their connection was one of such comparative newness that he was as much surprised as pleased to see the affectionate face which was lifted to his. He bent from the hobby to give the panting, barking creature a hearty greeting, made of alternate stroking and repressive pats; then, with no uncertain grip upon the reins, sped on to Bridlington.

CHAPTER VI.—THE VISIT TO BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

THE Bridlington of to-day, with its railway station, its town-hall, commercial exchange, dissenting chapels, banks and hat-factories, was a thing undreamt of a hundred years ago, when little more than one long street composed the market-town which was to attain to such affluence, and where so many new houses were to be built, while what remained of the noble priory that of old housed what was

tion in regions not far remote from Bucklands.

John's mood was not one which inclined him to meditate upon that thing, and he rode at a quick canter through the town, only again slackening speed as he came in sight of the sea. It was quiet and sunlit. While not a man who habitually made an augur of Nature, John was conscious of interpreting this fact as boding good to him. His surprise and mortification were the greater at a communication made to him on his presenting himself at



HE RODE WITH EYES FIXED IN A BLIND STARE.

here most honoured was to crumble more and more away.

Among the influences which effected the change of old Bridlington to new Bridlington, that exerted by "the Quay" was a major one. The high estimation in which this place came to be held had a reflex action upon the neighbouring townlet, and as John England rode through Bridlington on his way to the Quay, he had abundant opportunity to notice, if his observing faculties had been more awake than they were, that the maxim that the times change and we change with them was finding manifold illustra-

the house which was the summer abode of Penelope, nominally under the protection of her grandmother, a lady whose advanced age and great infirmity made the young girl to all intents and purposes her own mistress.

On being ushered into a room in which the old and young gentlewoman sat, John learnt from the latter that Alce was deeply offended, and had signified her fixed intention to hold aloof from a family the head of which had subjected her to gross insult.

Penelope, who was still in her riding habit, and who sat on a hassock at her grandmother's

feet, tenderly holding the hand of the old lady, spoke with face averted from her, and using a low voice, as who should say: "Spare we these white hairs with the quarrels of us young folk." John, the while, who stood full in view of the old lady, was not able so to disguise his face that she did not notice the great distress in it.

"Is anything gone wrong, John?" she quavered. "Is this girl unkind?"

"No, ma'am," John answered. "Penelope is always kind."

"I think she is so," the old lady assented, and she added, as she closed her eyes—"I am very sleepy."

Penelope laughed. It was evidently her grandmother's intention to efface her presence as much as might be.

"Well, Gran'am hears little, and will now see nothing," the girl then said, "so I will tell you all, John. Alce is in a prodigious pet, and your thinking she would see you now is the most stupid thing that even a man could imagine."

The man thus trounced winced.

"You may therefore go back to Bucklands," Penelope added quietly.

"Bucklands is my home no more," John said, equally quietly.

Penelope with a start requested that he would be more explicit, and he gave her as briefly as might be an account of what had happened. He also informed her of his intention to go to London.

"How came you here?" the girl asked.

"On Parson's hobby."

"And are you going to London on Parson's hobby?"

"No."

"How then are you going?"

"On foot."

"Why on foot?"

"Lest I be killed with a fall from Parson's hobby," was the ironical answer; and John, who was going on foot to London to save expense in certain directions, added:

"Have you more questions to ask, Penelope?"

"Yes," the girl replied bravely. "Is there anything I can do for you, John, that your fine gentleman's pride and delicacy will not kick at?"

John laughed, despite himself; then he said, echoing the sarcastic phrasing of the blunt, kind girl:

"Yes, there are three things you can do for me, Penelope, that my fine gentleman's pride and delicacy will not kick at. These are, firstly, that you will let your man in York take his hobby back to Parson—I will ride with her to York, and leave her at your stables there; secondly, that you will make my peace with Parson that the hobby was not rode by me to London; and, thirdly, that you will keep Sweetlips—the southern hound—who has followed me from Bucklands. She is of a rare breed, and merits better care than I can give her till I have made my fortune."

"She is herself worth much," Penelope said tentatively.

"I know it," was answered shortly.

Penelope decided not to make an offer to purchase Sweetlips, and vainly racked her brains to evolve some other method of transferring some of her excess of wealth to the poor fellow who contemplated going afoot to London. She could think of none that would not give dire offence, and exclaimed petulantly:

"I am glad I am not a gentleman, John, for they are the most ridiculous creatures."

John bowed.

"I am glad you are a lady, Penelope," he said, "for if you were a gentleman I could not let you call me a most ridiculous creature."

"Are you angry, John?" was asked.

"Angry!" John exclaimed. "Am I a fool, Penelope, that I should misunderstand a most generous and amiable young lady?"

The girl thus singularly be-epitheted looked relieved. Then she said:

"How long is, John, the journey from York to London?"

"'Tis not two hundred miles," John answered, rightly concluding that Penelope would not divine from this answer that it was two hundred miles minus three. "It has been gone on foot and back in six days," he added.

Penelope, in conformity with her character of amiable young lady, expressed the gratification which it afforded her that John would only have half this footing to perform. "Where will you rest?" she asked.

"At Ferrybridge, at Grantham, and at Eaton," John answered, naming the principal halting-places on the great road from York to London.

"You will see a great part of the world," Penelope exclaimed. Under the timid guardianship of her grandmother, she had herself never been allowed to travel farther than York. "When you are gotten to each of these places," she added, "I pray you will write to us, and do not tease us with ruined abbeys and Gothic castles—we are no antiquarians—though indeed Alce is full of Roman camps and Druidical circles" (John pricked his ears), "but tell us plainly what has happened to you, and" (the girl's bright eyes softened) "that you are not dead of weariness."

"May I indeed, Penelope, write to you?" John asked, with an overjoyed expression.

"Why, yes, and—since you are going so far away, John, I will not hide from you what my heart feelingly tells me"—Penelope used this fine flower of speech with no abatement of her naturalness—"which is that Alce may yet be yours, for we young ladies—"

Here a wafture of the hand was used to give the idea of young feminine mobility.

John, of set purpose, wore a look of blank non-comprehension.

"Fy, John," came the angry ejaculation, "must one spell 'Constantinople' to the last letter before you gentlemen will understand that 'Constantinople' is being spelled?"

John smiled. Then he bent over the girl's hand and kissed it.

Mrs. Steptoe, who, from feigning slumber had fallen into an actual sleep, at this moment opened her eyes.

"Well, children?" she said.

It was the wish of Mrs. Steptoe's heart that her granddaughter should be John England's wife, and her voice expressed a trembling excitement.

"What has had place?" she added.

"Nothing has had place, but that John is going to London," Penelope answered, "and has said goodbye to me, and will say goodbye to you, Gran'am."

The old lady's face fell sadly, and she asked John anxiously how long he purposed sojourning in a city where gentlemen, 'twas said, were miserably drawn into the eddy of worldly dissipation.

John looked at the wobegone face; then kissed the old lady affectionately, assuring her that he meant to sojourn no longer than need was in that perilous city, and giving her his promise to keep his honour bright.

"Do not you love John, my dear?" Mrs. Steptoe asked of her granddaughter after his exit.

"No, Gran'am," was answered.

"And who is it you love?" the old lady asked testily.

"What, Gran'am, do you mean by 'love'?" the girl queried, with her chin a little pertly tilted.

"The passion of that name, my dear," her grandmother answered, eyeing quietly the chin.

"This John England has for Alce and she for him," Penelope replied.

"Then I will dower Alce, and will not dower you," Mrs. Steptoe said, "for, as you know, my wish was always that a granddaughter of mine should marry John England, and with her wealth repair Bucklands."

The answer to this was obvious. Penelope had inherited considerable riches from her father, and would not be impoverished by her grandmother's action; on the other hand, Alce, who had no fortune, would be greatly benefited by being dowered by Mrs. Steptoe. With charming tact Penelope did not put this case, but said, as she lowered her head:

"I am sorry, Gran'am, to disoblige you, but indeed I love not John England, and he loves not me."

"Loves!" the old lady exclaimed, and now in her turn put a question which was, with a slight variation, the one before put by her granddaughter. "What is your notion of love, Penelope?"

"A flame," Penelope answered, "a—a virtuous flame."

The amendment on conventional lines was a happy idea. "Virtuous" is a good word, but the fact is that Penelope put rather more stress on "flame." Her grandmother indulgently ignored that circumstance, and said:

"Sure, one could feel a virtuous flame for John, Penelope."

"Ay, Gran'am, but 'twere sure a pity if—two did this," objected Penelope.

The old lady, in that deep anger which results when there is a-going "agley" of what seem the best-laid schemes of men and mice, lifted a trembling finger, and said:

"Whichever of you becomes John England's wife I will dower"—a pause here gave solemn emphasis to words which the speaker of them eventually made good—"and though the wealth assured to you is thought considerable, Penelope, this is in part because you are accounted my heiress, and with what should derive to you from me would be the richest woman in Yorkshire, which you will not be if I shall make Alce my heiress."

"I do not, Gran'am, ambitionate to be the richest woman in Yorkshire," the girl said softly.

"Do not you?" the old lady exclaimed, and added, "Perhaps, too, you do not ambitionate to be the most admired young lady in Yorkshire, which I see your cousin Alce is become."

"Is John England, Gran'am, all the admirers in Yorkshire?" the girl asked, with some temper. She was entirely fancy-free, and did not desire John England's admiration, but she had so long been the most admired young lady in Yorkshire that she could not forego that title quite calmly, and, while willing to cede the first place in one heart to Alce, was not willing to cede to her the first place in every heart.

"Who will you name as deserving to rank with John England, a most handsome young gentleman and a most virtuous, whom all we hereabout always hoped to see your husband, Penelope?"

"Heart, every summer finds handsome young gentlemen hereabout!" Penelope exclaimed.

"And virtuous?"

"Very like," the girl replied.

"You are, miss, a simpleton."

Mrs. Steptoe said this very coldly; then she added:

"I have not patience to see you longer, and have not power to leave you, so desire you will leave me."

"You are, Gran'am, very angry," the girl said sorrowfully.

"I am so, Penelope," was answered. "Your not marrying John England is what I never inferred could happen."

"He has, Gran'am, not asked me," Penelope answered, with suspicious demureness.

"This is your fault, Penelope," Mrs. Steptoe said. "The young lady must give the occasion."

This Georgian sentiment did not incense Penelope to the extent that it might incense a young Victorian gentlewoman, and without cavilling with the dictum in the abstract she said, confining herself to the consideration of it as applied to her individual case:

"If there were twenty John Englands,

Gran'am, and there is, I suppose, only one" (the addendum was made in a tone of ironical regret), "I would give none of them the occasion to marry me, because——"

There was a pause. Mrs. Steptoe's face said, "Proceed."

"Because my heart is not engaged," Penelope proceeded.

"You are grown romantic," Mrs. Steptoe answered, "and I now see you are resolved to marry without taking the judgment of your best friend in the choice. This is the new fashion with young ladies who are come to revolt against the counsels of the sober and prudent part of their family, their mammas and grandmammas. Did not I say, Penelope, you might leave me? Your company was never less agreeable to me."

The tears flushed Penelope's eyes, and she took her departure silently. The good head that went with her good heart enabled her to see that her grandmother's anger had its foundation in strong love of her, and, as she had confessed, she was heartily sorry to disoblige her kinswoman. On the other hand, marriage being a great ceremony, she pardonably felt that a *sine qua non* in her case was that her heart should be given to the gentleman to whom she gave her hand, and her heart at this time, far from being given to any gentleman, was filled with love for two gentlewomen, her grandmother and her cousin Alce. To her cousin Alce she now carried her distress.

It was not an easy matter to acquaint Alce with what had happened without making her feel that she was in a measure to blame, and Penelope, avoiding the personal, had recourse to the abstract.

"'Tis remarkable," she said, "how not securing their own wills can inhumanise the hearts of those persons most cried up for their tenderness, mammas and——" she paused, and used significant stress—"grandmammas."

Penelope so seldom led up to the actual through the abstract, that Alce for a moment looked nonplussed. Then she said:

"You have had a quarrel with Gran'am, Penelope."

"The greatest I ever had," was answered.

Alce's face expressed extreme shock. Mrs. Steptoe and her granddaughter Penelope, openly her favourite, did not always agree, and Alce had witnessed altercations between them, which to her had appeared to touch the outer limit of the seemly.

"You was very pert, I fear, Penelope," she surmised.

"Nay, 'twas not our usual kind of quarrel," Penelope answered—the kind of quarrel to which she referred being one in which she generally came off worst, by reason of pitting young impertinence against the venerable wisdom of her kinswoman—"I was scarce pert at all."

"This was strange," Alce said, with more candour than clemency.

"'Tis true," came the quiet asseveration

from Penelope, "and this is true" (her manner became solemnly impressive): "if you should have heard all that passed, you would have allowed that I was right and Gran'am was wrong, which I am sorry for" (she blushed generously), "but 'tis true."

"You are sorry you was right?" Alce said, in some bewilderment.

"I am sorry Gran'am was wrong," was answered.

"What was the end on't?" Alce asked.

"I am not to be Gran'am's heiress."

"Said Gran'am that?"

"Yes."

Alce put her arms about the weeping girl.

"This was not meant," she said.

"Nay, 'twas meant; and this is what I have always wished, Alce, but—to menace me with it! I care as little to lose it as you will care to have it."

"I?" Alce said.

"Why, sure, yes: You are to be her heiress, Gran'am says, and, since young ladies are thought to think only of money, I wonder you are not more rejoiced."

"I am very sorry for this," Alce said gravely. "Had I thought my coming hither would be to stand between you and Gran'am, I would have stayed away."

"Gran'am will tell you that you have stood between me and somebody else. 'Tis because of John England we quarrelled."

"I have not stood between you and Mr. England, Penelope," Alce said, flushing proudly.

"Said I you had, Alce?" came the question.

"Gran'am is angry that I did not give John England the occasion to marry me, which, even an' he did not love you, I would not do. Whichever of us marries John England shall be, she says, her heiress."

"You said before, Penelope, that she said I should be this."

"'Tis the same thing."

"Nay, 'tis a different thing entirely," Alce answered. "Mr. England, indeed, asked me to marry him, but I hope I have more pride than to marry a gentleman against the wish of his family."

"Only his father was against it," Penelope replied, "and your being Gran'am's heiress will entirely satisfy Mr. England."

"This I am sure," Alce answered, "and I am resolved," she added warmly, "I will not purchase Mr. England's approval. His son may marry whom he will for me, and I hope Gran'am will make the lady her heiress."

"Who now is tindery?" Penelope asked.

Alce said nothing, and the two girls, one of whom had it not in her to sorrow for an inheritance lost, while the other had it not in her to rejoice at an inheritance won, gazed gloomily into a world of hard facts which they could not bring into harmony with their soft ideals.

Meanwhile, John England was riding Yorkward, and for the second time made the experience that he was not to ride companionless. Either Penelope had put no constraint

on Sweetlips, or Sweetlips was not to be constrained, for, as before, she presented herself by the horseman's side. John looked at her gravely and deprecatingly, and she carried her tail as conscious of disgrace. Still she footed it alongside him.

CHAPTER VII.—MAN AND HOUND.

WHILE John, as he rode first to Bridlington Quay and then to York, had been filled alternately with resentment, sorrow, and dismay, it was only as he set out on foot from York to London, having left Parson's hobby at the town house of Mistress Steptoe, that a sense of ignominiousness the like of which he had never before known took possession of him. Accustomed from his childhood to pick his choice from a stud widely renowned, and to delight all beholders by the handsome figure which he presented riding, it was an experience as mortifying as new to fare on foot; and the caution which had suggested to him this mode of saving what would have been the not inconsiderable expense of turnpike toll, added to other outlays incidental to travelling with a horse, was so far from being the foremost quality in his character that the whilom heir of Bucklands, for the first time in his life on tramp, footed it from York with a face of shame which would have well become a criminal filled with a sudden sense of his dastardliness, but which less well became a young Yorkshire gentleman with his honour bright, and with a heart of pride in him which made him, as he himself phrased the matter, have too much honesty to ask one lady in marriage while his heart was engaged to another. Howbeit John wore that look and fell into the step that goes with it, with consequences which they who have knowledge of dog-nature will comprehend.

The mood of Sweetlips took colour from that of her master, and, affectionate but abashed creature as she was, she wore an expression of tempered happiness, which, taken in connection with her handsome and high-bred appearance, made her look like nothing more than a lady of quality eloping with a lout, and seized with sudden mistrust of him.

As this thing was borne in upon John he stopped in mid-road with a laugh, and calling the faithful companion of his exile by a score of tender names, lavished caresses upon her. His voice had its old ring, and as he resumed the journey his step had its old spring, with the result that Sweetlips bounded fore and aft with a joyous recklessness that was not without its pathetic side, in view of the long road that lay before her.

John looked at his watch. The hour was seven of the evening, and by the milestones he

had covered somewhat over five miles. He calculated that he should be at Ferrybridge two hours before midnight, and had the pleasure of hearing ten o'clock chime as he entered that village.

He was not grievously tired, though he had covered twenty-two miles of road, and after a hearty supper at an inn of more unpretentious appearance than it was usual for him to patronise, wrote a letter to Penelope. In it he set forth the delights of pedestrianism as they appeared to him to be at this stage of his journey. He refrained from allusions to ruined abbeys and Gothic castles, in deference to orders received, but, remembering Penelope's description of Alce as "full of Roman camps and Druidical circles," he permitted himself to be instructive to the extent of mentioning that Ferrybridge was two miles north-east of Pontefract, to which piece of geographical information he added that in the adjacent fields there were often found, he was assured, human skeletons, ancient armour, and other relics of intestine war.

The relics, in so far as John enumerated them, were not, it may be objected, of a character limited to intestine war. This, happily for him, was not a detail calculated to strike Penelope or even to strike Alce, more learned but not learned to the point of such censoriousness as would make an amiable young lady the critic of an amiable young gentleman.

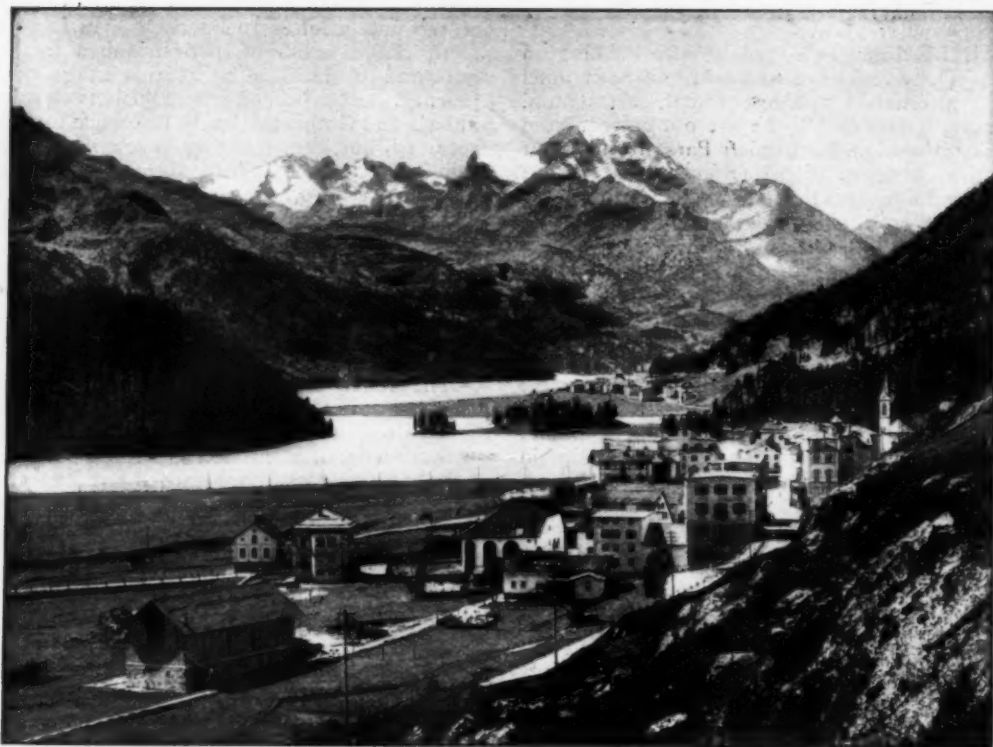
Penelope and Alce read and re-read the letter, and then Penelope handsomely presented it to Alce, who allowed that she thought it a very interesting composition, especially as viewed from the antiquarian point, and who further allowed that, though, as matters stood, she was determined to die a maid—wherefore Mr. England might make peace with his father—if matrimony had ever had any attraction for her, Mr. England was a man whom she might have *fancified*.

How ill all was about poor Alce's heart was evident in the tremor of her voice as she substituted *fancified* for "loved."

Penelope, who had so far given away "young ladies" as to inform John England that they were not fixed stars, might with a few pen-strokes have acquainted him with the fact that Alce showed all the signs of ultimate surrender, but she at this time and later, wrongly or rightly, deemed that it would be treachery to her friend to put John England in possession of facts regarding her of which she herself was only made aware by being Alce's confidant.

Thus things were left to take their course, and they took it of necessity slowly, much as John made the journey from York to London, a journey on the second stage of which he was to find that the delights of pedestrianism may under certain circumstances pall.

A REMINISCENCE OF A QUIET SPOT IN THE ENGADINE.



* CAMPPER AND SILVA PLANA, ENGADINE.

SURELY no one who has experienced it can ever forget the pleasure of the start in the early summer morning from the Basle station, bound for the Engadine. The bustle of the London terminus, and the endurance of the steamer, the dull, hot hours across the plains of France and the long, weary night journey with constant awakenings for "Vos billets, s'il vous plaît," the persecution of the *douane*, only mitigated by the hot coffee in rows of little basins set out upon the platform, in the early grey morning—all these are now things of the past; and as we settle ourselves in a cosy corner in the Swiss second-class carriage and gaze out upon the curious wooden houses, the bullock waggons and the blue-smocked labourers, with the faint grey ranges in the distance growing ever more distinct, we feel that we are nearing the goal.

Of course, the "Engadine Express," with its sleeping and dining cars, now conveys the wealthy traveller in a rushing hotel from London to Coire, but we are writing for those who cannot afford such luxuries, and to whom money is worth more than time.

On we go, past the little quaint wooden stations, past the many-coloured town of Zurich, past the cool, dreamy-looking lake with its misty hill borders, past the gloomy Wallensee with its dashing waterfalls, past the dark mysterious gorge of Pfäfers, till we reach the old city of Coire.

Here some hours may be pleasantly spent in visiting the cathedral of the ancient St. Lucius, said to have been an early British king, who, having embraced Christianity, fled to the Rhaetian mountains, where he instructed the heathen, till the fanatical party among them compassed his martyrdom, in proof whereof his skull is shown, preserved in the Cathedral Treasury, together with well-authenticated charters from Charlemagne and others.

But the object of our journey is not yet reached, and we soon return to the railway, this time to the narrow-gauge line completed some time ago from Coire to Thusis.

Let us advise our readers to take third-class tickets for this part of the journey, for the fares on this little railway are disproportionately high, and the views are just as well seen from

the wooden seats of the "dritten classe," as from the yellow felt cushions of "den zweiten."

Passing Reichenau, where the two branches of the Rhine (the Vorder and Nieder Rhein) meet, and have a battle with each other before they flow on in union, we reach Thusis (the Roman Tuseum), a long straight street, at the foot of the Via Mala, hemmed in by towering peaks.

Here those who wish to rest for the night may find comfortable and reasonable quarters in the Hôtel Post, just above the station, or more luxurious and expensive apartments in the Hôtel Via Mala, at the entrance to the Splügen Pass, while those who prefer to sleep on higher ground can take the afternoon diligence from Thusis and drive, first by the warm sunset glow and then by the still, white moonlight, to the lovely mountain village of Mühlen (4,760 feet above the sea-level).

Travellers who begrudge the extra payments on the coupé or banquet do not always know that in the season, by waiting till the last to take their tickets, they can generally secure seats in a "supplement" following the diligence, in which they have the advantages of a private carriage at the price of the "interior" diligence fare.

In these days of "wheels," some travellers can altogether save the payment of fares, travelling according to their own sweet will. On our journey across the "Julier" we passed several cyclists slowly pushing their machines up the steep incline, while at the top of the Pass we observed one resting upon the grass, who presently surprised us by leaping on his bicycle and flying down a road which, in England, would certainly have been labelled "dangerous," turning the sharp corners of the zigzags, adeptly passing first the long train of "supplements," and then the great lumbering five-horsed diligence itself within a few inches of the precipice, and finally arriving at the bottom of the Pass long before the carriages, having descended about 2,000 feet in less than half an hour.

We did not begrudge him his speed, however, as we gazed at the view gradually expanding before our eyes: far beneath us the string of deep green-blue lakes, with their changing tints, like jewels in a setting of emerald-green meadows fringed with Alpine pines, and beyond the steep slopes of the Mount Corvatsch with its thick white crest of snow, and on the right the beautifully shaped Piz Margna marking the summit of the Maloya Pass, "the gate of Italy."

Soon we could see our destination, the straggling village by the side of the centre lake, and before long we were deposited at the Post Bureau of Silva Plana ("the wood on the plain") midst the usual crowd of clamouring porters, and making our way on foot to the quiet house where we knew that a hearty welcome awaited us.

The Hôtel Corvatsch is little known to English travellers. Standing outside the village, away from the tramp and clanging of the post-horses and the shrill voices of their

drivers, with only the sound of an occasional carriage passing along the Italian route to mingle with the steady flow of the little stream and the dashing of the far-off waterfall across the lake, it may well be called a quiet spot in the Engadine. It is an unpretentious house, but the view from the back windows could hardly be surpassed. Indeed, there is scarcely a room in the house from which the glorious prospect of lakes, rocks, woods, and mountains does not refresh the sight, and the rule of the house is "first come, first served"; no keeping back the best rooms for higher prices, but all open to those who pay the moderate pensionat of seven to eight francs per diem. In the front of the house the road to the Maloya stretches away in a long white line to the left by the side of the lake, while about one hundred yards on the right stands the village church with its high Romansch tower, whence the bell tolls out at midday, and at curfew is echoed by answering bells from Camper and Sils Maria. On Sunday at eight o'clock in the morning there is an extra bell tolling to remind both travellers and villagers of the "day of Resurrection," the "day of rest and gladness" which they are so apt to forget, and again at ten o'clock for the native service—three Sundays in Romansch and one in German.

Inside the Hôtel Corvatsch all is homely but comfortable. The salon is small, and entertainment for wet days perhaps a little lacking. A good library would be a great boon, but possibly this may be supplied as the demand increases.

Throughout the house the boards are unvarnished and the furniture is of the plainest description, but all is scrupulously clean and the beds supremely sleep-inviting.

The "salle-à-manger" is undecorated, save by the engraved portraits of several solemn-looking Swiss professors and a row of stuffed birds crowded above an antiquated piano, but on entering everyone feels at home; each fresh arrival receives a kindly greeting, and no one leaves the table without a parting bow to all the company. English, Germans, French, and Italians talk together as well as they can, and get much amusement out of their attempts at conversation. There is no stiffness, no elaborate dressing for late dinner, no interminable "menu" of unpronounceable and uneatable mixtures. The food is plain but sufficient, and the cooking excellent.

The reason of this comfort and brightness is not far to seek. The master of the little "Wirthschaft" is a Swiss "Pfarrer" (pastor) who for many years has faithfully laboured among his flock in the Swiss Protestant Church, first at Stalla on the Julier Pass and now at Vico Soprano, a little township in the Val Bregaglia lying so completely under the shadow of the mountain that from November 19 to February 20 the sun's rays never shine into the valley.

Twenty-five years ago the pastor established his summer house at Silva Plana, and two

years later opened a pension, which from time to time has been enlarged.

Each Saturday during the months of July and August he makes his way down the Maloya Pass to his church and parish in the valley, returning after the Sunday to his Engadine home, until the September snows drive his visitors away, and the cattle with melodious bells come trooping from the mountains; and then the house by the silver lake is shut up and left deserted till the snows melt and the flowers of June bloom again in the Engadine.

The pastor is a quiet, studious man, a man of many languages, a man of righteous judgment and of strong principle. He is frequently to be found pacing meditatively to and fro the narrow sunny path behind the house.

The "Frau Wirthin" is not often to be met with. The cares of the kitchen are too engrossing; but a sight of her cheery face is enough to drive away all gloom for the day. Her look tells at once of strength behind, of a firm foundation on the "Rock of Ages" and care cast on the great "Burden Bearer," and we no longer wonder at the peaceful atmosphere of the household.

The young daughter, with gentle, quiet manners, bright smile and willing service, waits at table and makes it her business to see that everyone is happy and contented. The old father sometimes shakes his head and regrets the two elder daughters who are now both settled in homes of their own in Germany. "Ah, my Nina," he says, "we miss her much. She was the life (die Seele) of the house. It is not the same without her. The little one, 'die Martini,' yes, she is good, but she is yet young (noch jung). But that is a fault that mends with each day."

But we must introduce our readers to one of our favourite spots. Beside the house is the usual square plot of garden, rather more useful than ornamental, and a collection of choice shrubs planted by the "Hausvater" himself.

There is no lawn-tennis ground, the grass plot which would naturally suggest that sport being devoted to the purpose of laundry and to the habitation of sundry ducks, geese, and fowls, who from time to time appear in a different state of existence (or non-existence) at the *table d'hôte*; but beyond this there is a plain wooden summer-house, which turns its back upon all these

homely matters and its face to the glorious sunshine, and once within its walls we forget everything but the scene before us, the lake at our feet with its changing colours and its white-winged boats sailing so gracefully past us, the ever-flowing waterfall rushing down the mountain side with its musical sound, the ruined village of Surlej, wrecked many years ago by the sudden rush of the flooded stream, one house, "built upon a rock," alone remaining intact above the desolating waters. A wall has now been constructed high up the gully to prevent the recurrence of such a disaster, and many new houses have been built on the ruined sites. Above is the pine-forest, crowned by the rocky points of the Fuorcha and the snowy crest of the Corvatsch, while to the left are the woods of St. Moritz and to the right the lake of Sils and the "weather prophet" Piz Margna, whose cloudy nightcap hints a wet day, while his clear outline in the moonlight tells of a good time coming for the mountaineers.

In this little summer-house we sit with our books and writing, enchanted with the scene before us, while Martini brings out the afternoon tea-tray and the pastor looks in for a little "English conversation" before resuming his solitary walk. Here we discuss plans for the following day: "Should we walk to Sils Maria and seek edelweiss in the beautiful Fex Valley? Shall we cross the lake and climb to the heights of the Surlej and descend on the Rosegg Thal, see the glacier, and then return by Pontresina; or should we take a day in the shady Bevers Thal, or search for edelweiss on the rocky sides of the Fex Valley, or get a peep into sunny Italy down the steep zigzags of the Pass Maloya; or shall we go into the great world of St. Moritz and lazily row over the lake to the Meierei (dairy) on the opposite green slopes?"

Wherever we go there is opportunity for sowing the best of seeds, for the Italian hay-makers, the Bergamesque shepherds, and the Engadine boys or girls will all eagerly welcome the gift of bright Scripture cards, and picture leaflets, and the little Gospels in their own language.

But the summer is short and holidays must have an end. The "Postwagen" waits, and with many an "Adieu" and "Auf Wiedersehen" we bid farewell to this quiet spot in the Engadine.

CATHERINE GURNEY.



DIVING ADVENTURES.



"I WAS DRAWN UP LIKE A FISH."

THOUGH diving has been carried on from ancient times, it is somewhat surprising that no great advance was made in the art until the invention, in 1819, by Mr. Augustus Siebe, of the "open helmet" diving apparatus. This was followed by the "closed helmet" system in use to-day; and as the diver with whom our interview deals wears the most modern of outfits, a word describing the dress may not be out of place.

A diver's helmet consists of two parts, the breastplate and headpiece, both of highly planished copper, tinned, and equipped with gun-metal fittings. The headpiece may be screwed on to the breastplate by one-eighth of a

turn, and, of course, the joint is air-tight. Twelve brass screws in the breastplate correspond with twelve holes in the dress proper, this also making an air- and water-tight joint with the dress. The helmet is fitted with three principal apertures, one each side and one in front respectively, the side openings being protected by guard bars, which prevent the plate glass with which the openings are filled from being broken. The front glass is in a brass frame, which can be screwed out, thus enabling the diver, on coming to the surface, to remove a portion of his helmet without taking off the entire mass. The helmet is fitted with air conductors leading from the inlet valve, and so arranged that the air enters the helmet immediately over the glasses, this preventing the condensation which would otherwise take place and obscure the diver's vision. The inlet valve, to which the air pipe is connected, is so arranged that air may enter by it, but cannot return through it. In the event of an accident to the pump, or air pipe, sufficient air will remain in the diver's dress to enable him to reach the surface in safety. There is also an outlet valve, by regulating which a diver may descend or ascend at will without assistance from the surface. Some helmets are fitted, in addition, with loud-sounding telephones, the receiver being in the top of the headpiece, the transmitter between the right-hand oval glass and the front glass, the wire by which the telephone communicates with the surface being embedded in the ordinary signal-line. The breastplate is equipped with an electric lamp of 32 candle-power, working on a ball-and-socket joint, the diver being able to direct the

light at any object. The helmet weighs about 35 lb.

The dress of the diver consists of a body, with legs and feet, all in one piece, and is composed of solid sheet indiarubber, placed between two layers of tanned twill. Vulcanised indiarubber cuffs, at the ends of the sleeves, taper down so as to form water-tight joints at the wrists, the dress being also provided with a rubber collar, which is double, the inner one fitting tightly around the diver's neck, while the outer one joins with the breastplate. The weight of the dress alone is 14 lb. A diver's boots are an important part of the outfit; they have two soles, one of wood and the other of

lead, each boot weighing 16 lb., the uppers being made of very stout leather, fitted with straps and brass buckles. Besides the dress, boots, and helmet, a diver carries down with him two weights of lead—one in front, the other on his back—each weighing 40 lb.; both weights and boots being necessary not only for sinking the diver, but also for enabling him to maintain his equilibrium while beneath the surface. The entire outfit weighs some 169 lb., and costs in the neighbourhood of £100. A diver's air pipe is made of alternate layers of prepared canvas and indiarubber, and has spiral metallic wire embedded within it, leaving the air passage smooth.

Thus equipped with every appliance that modern ingenuity can invent for his protection, a diver of to-day should feel no reluctance in paying a visit to the sea bottom. Nor should we ever expect to hear of fatalities in connection with diving operations. Mr. A. H. Davis, manager of Siebe, Gorman & Co., informs me that accidents to divers in modern times, owing to perfection of equipment, have never been known to occur. At the same time, however, though there may be few accidents the cause of which may be attributed directly to the failure of equipment, there are certain contingencies which arise to make the diver's work anything but easy or safe. When a diver has to cut his life-line in order to extricate himself from a "tight place," or finds his signals so misinterpreted above that, instead of being hauled up, he is lowered down and falls to a great depth, it is very evident that a diver must be a man of extraordinary nerve. This will appear when we read an account of diver John Edward Pearce's exploits.

I met diver Pearce at Whitstable, and was shown his diving outfit, as well as the "ketch" from which he has done most of his diving work. Mr. Pearce is a man of medium height, broad shouldered, and of stout frame. Though in his fifty-seventh year, he appears a much younger man. He has been diving since 1862—nearly thirty-seven years. In that time he has had many strange experiences.

"The first time I ever went down in a diving outfit," he said, when I asked him to tell me of some of his adventures, "was in 1862, when I was twenty years old. I cannot say that I felt any marked nervousness, though two years later I had an experience which I thought, at the time, would compel me to abandon diving for ever after. A steamer called the *London* had sunk in the river Tay, having been run down in a collision. She lay in forty-five feet of water; and, owing to the strong current, we had to work

very quickly. The water was very dark, and I had to judge of the work principally by touch. The steamer was loaded with cotton bales, which had swollen a great deal. I was down in the hold, and my work consisted in fixing grappling-hooks into the bales and then giving the signal to have them hauled to the surface. They were packed so tightly, however, that I found great difficulty in getting them properly hooked. In one of the bales I fixed four hooks, and gave the hoisting signal to those above to haul away, thinking there was no danger. Suddenly, however, the hooks pulled loose from the bale, and before I could jerk my hand away, or know what had happened, one of the hooks passed through my hand, and I was hauled to the surface like a fish. The



"MY SIGNAL WAS MISINTERPRETED, AND I FELL TWENTY FEET FROM THE RAIL."

pain was excruciating, and as the hook passed entirely through my hand from the palm, coming out at the back, of course I never again expected to have its use. Besides, the doctor who

first bandaged it up and dressed it, did his work carelessly, and for some months I was unable to work."

He showed me his hand, where several ugly scars ran across the palm; it was a marvel it escaped amputation.

"On another occasion," continued the diver, "I met with an accident which I thought surely

of hauling me up, he suddenly slacked away, and I fell headforemost off the rail, going straight to the bottom. In those days we were working with 'open helmets,' and, of course, the moment my position became inverted the water rushed into the helmet, and I was practically drowned. As I fell, I gave up all hope of ever reaching the surface alive; for, of course, I



"I HAD TO CUT MY LIFE-LINE."

would finish me. I was standing on the rail of a ship called the *Mindora*, which had sunk in the Channel. From the rail to the ground was about twenty feet, as there was a deep depression in the ground just on the side of the hull on which I stood. I had given the signal to be pulled to the surface; but, somehow, an inexperienced man was at the signal-line, and instead

thought that something had happened to both signal and life-line, and I felt sure that before a diver could come down to my rescue I would be beyond aid. Fortunately, another diver with whom I had been working happened to be in the boat; and he saw that the signal had been misinterpreted. I was hauled up, and it was just in time; for I was

unconscious—a few minutes more and all would have been over.

"Of course, it was not the fall that hurt me; for, you will understand, one may fall for a great distance beneath the water and the resistance will overcome the impetus of the descent. Had I been equipped with a helmet and dress such as I wear to-day, I should have felt no inconvenience to speak of."

"I suppose you have seen some very strange and trying sights in the depths of the ocean?"

"Yes; one gets a 'turn' at times," was the answer. "But after a while you become accustomed to everything. At first, the sight of drowned people in ships under the water has a depressing effect; but we manage to overcome this in time. Occasionally, they appear in very curious and startling attitudes. I have known divers to give up their work for ever owing to certain impressions they have received by viewing dead people. I remember in one wreck, the *Deutschland*, of the North German Lloyd Company, I saw some very deplorable sights, sufficient to shake a man's nerves. The ship was a fine one of 4,000 tons register, bound from Bremen for New York. She went on the rocks when off the North Foreland.

"The people on board took to drinking, it is said, and I found some of the bodies in most grotesque attitudes. Others, however, were found in their bunks, as if they had met their death sleeping. I remember particularly seeing three Sisters of Charity lying side by side as if fast asleep. There was a serene, placid expression on the face of each. I heard afterwards that they might have saved themselves had they made the effort; but that the head sister had told the other two that they would be saved, and so they remained in their room. As a rule, people who have been drowned have a very peaceful look. There is no sign of any struggle. They seem to be sleeping soundly."

"Have you ever been entangled in wreckage below so that you could not rise to the surface?" I asked, as I recalled a description of a recent diving accident.

"I have had my life-line caught in between some pieces of spar, and had to cut it," was the answer. "You see, very often, through the current down below, or the motion of the wreck, some long plank or spar will shift in between the air pipe and life-line. Of course, in this case, the life-line has to be sacrificed. By shutting off the escape valve, one may then ascend to the surface; or else he may be pulled up by the air pipe alone, though this is seldom done."

"But there is no motion down beneath the water at, say, forty feet?" I said, in surprise.

"Sometimes there is a tremendous 'ground swell,'" answered Mr. Pearce. "I have often been swept a hundred feet from a wreck. In

some places this is very powerful. So, you see, the prevalent opinion that below the surface all is placid is erroneous. Working on a sailing-vessel wreck, where ropes and wreckage abound, the motion makes the task very dangerous, owing to the liability of ropes to get tangled about the air pipe and line. The wrecks of sailing vessels, strange to say, settle down more evenly than do those of steamers. A steamer frequently turns over on her side. Another singular thing is the fact that, sometimes, even after a wreck has been submerged two years, one may find compartments filled with air. The diver recognises this from the fact that his diving dress is found, so soon as he enters the compartment containing air, to be very heavy upon him. It is also strange how long some wrecks will last. The *Liverpool*, at a depth of 135 feet, lasted over ten years, and was in good preservation all the time. Another remarkable thing is the fact that tin and other metals preserve their brightness under water wonderfully. So soon as they strike the atmosphere, however, they begin to rust. I remember, in one wreck in which I worked, taking out some champagne which had been under water some years. Though I had none of it, those who drank it said it was very excellent—



ENJOYING A NAP TEN FATHOMS DEEP.

better, in fact, than it would have been if kept in cellars."

"You have recovered a vast amount of treasure from wrecks at various times?" I said, hoping the diver would tell me some of his treasure-seeking adventures.

"From the wreck of the *Boyne*, which sank between Ushant and Molène in 1875, we recovered £27,750. She went down at the spot, or within a few hundred yards of the spot, at which sank the *Drummond Castle*. At the time the *Boyne* went down I was working on a wreck called the *Cádiz*, from which I recovered a valuable hunting-knife worth £7,000, about which I shall tell you afterwards. The *Boyne* went down in a fog. When I first sighted her, her mast-head light was burning, though the ship had gone down. Our boat saved a large number of the passengers and crew.

"We arranged with the captain and began operations at once, on a basis of 20 per cent. on all recovered from the wreck. She had on board a large amount of gold and diamonds. The position of the wreck was such that, had a storm come, she would have broken up; but I risked the salvage. On entering the bullion-room I found the compartment strewn with tissue-paper packets containing uncut stones. I gathered a lot of them together, and succeeded in sending up the bullion as well. We brought up some mail-bags; but though our work was done at a great risk, the Government paid but 12s. 6d. for the job per bag.

"The hunting-knife I spoke of was recovered from the *Cádiz*. You may remember this wreck from the fact that there was great loss of life. When I went down to her I found dead bodies everywhere, and the sight was most pitiful. The cargo was composed of quicksilver, wine, and other stores. The most valuable single piece was the hunting-knife, its worth consisting in the wonderful carving on the sheath and handle, there being also diamonds and other precious stones set about in the carving. Besides this, we salvaged about £25,000 from this ship in one form or another. Of course, there were many other valuable salvage jobs on which I have worked, but I think these are two of the principal 'treasure wrecks.' But Alexander Lambert, whom I met in Australia, brought up £90,000 from the wreck of the *Alphonso XII*."

"Have you ever been attacked by sharks or sea-monsters?" I asked.

"Never," was the reply, "though I have heard of such attacks. Once a great fish—resembling a huge catfish—looked suspiciously at my air pipe; and, as he seemed bent on mischief of some kind, I had myself hauled to the surface. But this is the nearest I have ever been to a 'fight with a sea-monster.' Lambert, however, when working in the Indian Ocean, had to kill a shark which was troubling him. He stabbed it with his knife several times, and then, tying a noose around its body, sent it to the surface. I believe he has the backbone at his home now."

A diver in a modern diving dress is practically

independent of the water—of course, down to certain depths. I have been told that divers even take advantage of the time system by which they are paid to go to sleep under the water! It may be said that this is literally going to a great depth of depravity! These things point to the fact that modern diving is not altogether the dangerous art that some would have us imagine. Of course, to become a diver, one must learn the use of the dress and possess certain physical requirements. That everyone cannot dive will be evident from one or two amusing stories which I have heard from the lips of those who are willing to vouch for their accuracy. Here is one of the incidents.

A naval officer lost the propeller of the torpedo-boat which he commanded. He sent a diver down to find it; but, the man staying too long, the officer grew impatient and ordered him to come up. The officer said that he would go down himself and find the missing machinery. The diver dressed the officer, but, just before he descended, took care that the escape valve should be screwed tight. As a consequence, no sooner had the officer entered the water than his diving dress became inflated, and the would-be diver could not get below the surface. As a consequence, the diver was again requisitioned for his work, and the officer learned that diving was "not so easy" after all.

Another officer lost a torpedo. His divers taking too long to find it—it was in nineteen fathoms of water, and there was mud at the bottom—the officer decided to go himself. He went. But, unfortunately, he descended too rapidly, and, as a consequence, the rapid increase of pressure rendered him unconscious before he had descended ten fathoms, or sixty feet. He was hauled to the surface more dead than alive.

It appears, therefore, that diving is an art which cannot be attained "off hand." Like everything else, it demands study and practice before it can be mastered, and, not only this, it requires men of certain temperament who must be as physically sound as possible.

A few facts concerning the pay which divers receive for their perilous work may not be uninteresting. English divers working on foreign contracts are paid by the month, receiving from 20*l.* to 30*l.* At home, the diver is paid by the hour, at remuneration ranging from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.*; the rate for ordinary work being from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* per hour. For well and colliery work, however, the diver receives from 5*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* per hour, this latter work being most dangerous and difficult. Very often divers receive on wrecks a percentage of the cargo, this percentage ranging from 5 to 20 per cent., and even 75 per cent. in certain cases.

W. B. NORTHROP.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.



From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer.

*James Hunt to
R H Hutton*

PROBABLY there was never a more happy literary union than that which existed for thirty-six years between the joint editors of "The Spectator"—Mr. Meredith Townsend and Richard Holt Hutton. That they made that paper a valuable property it is needless to say; but they did far more than this, for they gave to it a unique and weighty influence in the political and literary world. Nor was this all. Like Addison in his "Spectator," though from a

different and profounder standpoint, Mr. Hutton generally gave a weekly article or review on some religious or theological question, and this article, in the judgment of many readers, formed one of the most striking features of the paper. It was no slight advantage in these unrestful and sceptical days to have the earnest convictions of a man equipped at all points with a breadth of knowledge, with a mind large enough to see the truth as well as the falsehood of conflicting

opinions, and with a faith that led him, while giving intellect its due place, to trust more to the heart and will for the apprehension of things unseen. Whether right or wrong in some of his convictions—and Mr. Hutton, like the weakest of us, was but fallible—his sincerity is seen in every line he wrote. A journalist is often tempted to write for effect; but this was a temptation to which he of all men was the least likely to yield.

The highly interesting "Monograph"¹ on the late editor of the "Spectator," which has suggested these remarks, is divided into four chapters—"Personal," "As Journalist," "As Critic," and "Religion."

An acquaintance of more than thirty years (it began in the summer of 1867) justifies the present writer in saying that the anonymous author of this little volume does the fullest justice possible in so small a space to Mr. Hutton's varied powers, and to the conscientiousness that governed all he said and did. In one respect, perhaps, the writer's judgment may be questioned. After his friend's death, Mr. Townsend, in a few appropriate words, said that, owing to Mr. Hutton's request, no life of him would be written. The author of the "Monograph," however, maintains that sooner or later a biography must be produced.

"Mr. Townsend can never have thought for a moment that what is more or less public property already would fail to come forth some time or other; although he of all men, the one who could have told us most, holds his peace. As for Mr. Hutton himself, never in the most modest mood of a most modest man's life can it have been quite possible for him to imagine that his great services to journalism, to literature, to thought, and to theology should be rewarded by a chill silence."

We know nothing of Mr. Hutton's "most modest mood," but we do know what his wishes were, and it seems to us that they should be treated with the same respect as the bequest of property in his will. If we regret the decision, we cannot think that it ought to be set aside; and the eight or nine volumes which contain the ripest fruit of Hutton's mind tell the public perhaps all that it needs to know of a man whose life of thought is so vividly uttered in his works. In them we may be said to see the heart of the writer; for in literature, as in questions of higher moment, it was his wont to utter what he felt as well as what he saw. He was a great critic, and his vision, as the author of the "Monograph" observes, was "singularly sane"; but emotion so blended with his judgment as to produce sometimes a personal feeling unusual in critics. The Poet Laureate in his early days attacked Mr. Hutton for his high admiration of Clough; and in illustration of this personal attachment the present writer remembers having on one occasion made a casual remark about that poet in the "Spectator" not altogether laudatory. "How could you hurt me so?" was the gentle expostulation he received.

¹ Richard Holt Hutton of the "Spectator," a monograph. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

There was much in the moral and intellectual character of Goethe with which Hutton could have no sympathy. The poet who embraced the self-culture view of life, and "looked upon woman's devotion, human life, indeed the whole universe itself, mainly as artistic material," could not fail in many respects to repel a nature so serious and conscientious. But what justice he has done to all that is really noble in the greatest of German poets—the greatest of all Germans save Luther; and if it is impossible to say with Professor Drummond that the essay on Goethe is "the best critical piece" written in this century, for that would demand a far wider range of knowledge than we possess, it may be confidently asserted that none but a critic of the highest order could have produced an estimate so luminous, so thoughtful, and so just.

For Scott Hutton had the warmest appreciation, which he was ready to express on every occasion, believing, in opposition to Carlyle, that he was even greater than his works. Of them he says: "If ever there were a man whose writings showed a profound appreciation of moral worth as distinct from conventional worth, it was Sir Walter Scott." Probably no critic, unless we except Coleridge, has written of Wordsworth with such originality as Hutton. "Perhaps he alone," he says in one of his essays, "of all the great men of that day had seen the light of the countenance of God shining clear into the face of Duty; and therefore in his poems there will ever be a spring of something even fresher than poetic life—a pure, deep well of solitary joy."

Deep as was his love for Wordsworth and for that "healing power" which he above all modern poets possesses, Hutton shows in his elaborate essays on Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning, the breadth and depth of his love for poetry—a fact all the more remarkable when we remember the strong bent of his mind towards metaphysics and theology. He had indeed a keen relish for all imaginative work, and was never slack in his praise of George Eliot, of Trollope, and of Mrs. Oliphant, of whose "Beleaguered City" we have heard him speak with the warmest admiration.

In prose, Hutton cared more as a rule for matter than manner, and in some of his writings he appears occasionally to forget form when his mind is strongly impressed with the subject. What is said on this point in the "Monograph" is very just. The author observes that there are doublings that look like repetitions, but are not really so, and that "short cuts are an abomination to him, because they are gained so often by transgression of a wise law of trespass, and offer mere speed as compensation for lost opportunities and points of richer view"; and after affirming the extreme beauty of many passages in Hutton's writings he makes the pregnant observation that those who say he is not a lucid writer seem "to confound lucidity with brevity."

Truly, too, does he observe that the dominant note of Hutton's nature was "a yearning for

a wide, ever-widening horizon." He pursued—to use his own fine phrase—"the ever-retreating horizon of eternal life."

Hutton's style will not satisfy the finical critic who judges solely by ear; but those familiar with it know, as the "Times" said, that something not felt by the uninitiated was there to satisfy and refresh certain minds in their trouble. If in his judgment style was, as it ought to be, subordinate to thought, it must not be supposed that he did not hold it in high regard. Had he not done so he would have been unfitted for his position as the editor of a great literary as well as political journal. It may not be amiss, perhaps, to recall a personal incident relative to this subject, since it is highly characteristic of the courteous and more than courteous way with which Hutton treated his contributors. The writer had sent to the "Spectator" an article on "Style," which might reasonably have been declined on the plea of length. The editor, however, so far from rejecting it in this summary way, filled two closely written note-sheets in order to explain why it could not be used.

The letter forms in itself a miniature criticism of the subject. He admits in it that, as the French say, "*Le style c'est l'homme*," but suggests that, as in the case of Richardson, whose style is the most careless in our literature, it sometimes fails to express what is best in a man. "Goldsmith's style," he writes, "concealed the slipshodness of his nature, I think, just as Johnson's concealed the tenderness of his. George Eliot's style expresses the poorest part of her nature. It is not, on the whole, a good style. It is pedantic, pseudo-scientific, laborious. But when she speaks through the mouths of others, like Mrs. Poyser or Dinah, you see that there is a far greater power of style in her for expressing the feelings of others than for expressing her own point of view—was it not the same with Richardson? I don't believe that style is the life. It is a part of the life, and the better the life the better the style, perhaps, as a rule."

We should have liked to add a vigorous contrast drawn by Hutton between Milton's prose and poetical style, but enough has been said to illustrate the thoughtful care with which he read and reviewed the manuscripts sent for his consideration. In another letter he says, with a sigh for the superfluous labour of literary commentators: "It seems to me that the literature of the day consists a great deal too much in laborious appendages to the best writers, which tend to alarm the reader. But it is only fair to do these writers credit for what they do well, though I often wish that it had been impossible to do it."

Mr. Hutton's interest in theological questions has been already mentioned. They are not often brought forward at the dinner table; but we remember how, more than once, at the Devonshire Club, the host and his guests found food in these subjects for the most animated discussion. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone joined Hutton's friends in the smoking-room, and promptly took up the theme previously started, which if more serviceable was not less weighty than the "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," which attracted some of Milton's spirits in Pandemonium. That was before the eventful day when the Prime Minister startled the world and estranged some of his warmest admirers by the proposal of Home Rule. It was a critical moment for the editors of the "Spectator," a paper which had hitherto given Gladstone a support that might not unfairly be called enthusiastic. An immediate decision had to be taken; and perhaps there is not much exaggeration in the opinion quoted in the "Monograph" that "the 'Spectator' did more than all the rest of the Anti-Home Rule London Press to consolidate the opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy."

If Hutton had a fault as an editor, it was, perhaps, an occasional dilatoriness in the notice of important works. A review of a book twelve months after its publication, and this sometimes happened, was not satisfactory either to publisher or author. This oblivion to the progress of time produced on one occasion a skit in an Oxford paper, from which we extract some stanzas:

"Old friend, and faithfullest of papers,
While other weeklies change their face,
Or cut the most unseemly capers,
You still maintain the decent pace.

"All books that are the least bit new
To rasher critics you resign,
Believing that a choice review,
Long kept, improves with age like wine.

"Ah! philosophic friend, for you
Years are not, earlier or later
Time stands, there is no old or new,
Worlds change, there is but one 'Spectator.'"

The jester has said the truth. To those who have felt the power wielded for so many years by that journal under the masterly management of Mr. Townsend and Mr. Hutton—to those who have found weekly food in it alike for intellect and heart, who have gained from it something more than instruction, something better than criticism—it may still be said with a retrospective feeling deepened by regret, "There is but one 'Spectator.'"

JOHN DENNIS.

A PARCEL OF ANECDOTES.

II.

THE importance of anecdote in literature is quite as great as its importance in history.

Some few of us feel strongly that the best biographies of poets and writers generally are to be found in their works. For the rest, many anecdotes about them have got abroad. These, some of them true, and others potentially probable, are not by all treated with the respect which they merit. He who knows a good anecdote of a writer knows a good portrait of him—nay, he possesses it. The number of such portraits of writers belonging to the English is very considerable. Sometimes the anecdote is all that anyone knows. This is the case with the story of Caedmon, which gives us a picture of this poet sleeping—dreaming—in the dawn of England's literature. Some of the leading stories of other English writers shall be here touched on in their order of time. It is Bolingbroke who somewhere writes of "anecdotal traditions whose authority is unknown or suspicious," and there are some persons who will dismiss with contempt a goodly number of the following stories as coming under this heading. Meanwhile they are here given as, each of them in its way, a portrait very lifelike, even if not always drawn from the life, of a personality of more or less literary celebrity.

The familiar story of Caedmon represents him sleeping. That of Bede represents him dying. A young disciple by his bedside is taking down his translation into Anglo-Saxon of St. John's Gospel. It is a May morning, and much light is in the world, but it grows dark to Bede. "Master," says the youth, "there is but one chapter left to write, but thou . . ." "Write on," says Bede, and the one chapter is written and the work is ended. This is a picture by an old master; his name is Cuthbert. It dates from the eighth century, and in the original should be a grand possession.

The next picture in story represents a Scot and—a sot. "Just the breadth of the table," says the Scot, is the difference between them. The Scot is John Scotus or Erigena, and the man at the table's other side is his Majesty Charles the Bald, who has been propounding his notable riddle: What is the difference between a Scot and a sot?—This picture takes one back a thousand years, to times in which a Scotchman was an Irishman, the English of John Scotus being John the Irishman.

John the Englishman, John Wycliffe, figures in the next story. Time has been speeding and the fourteenth century is drawing to its close. John Wycliffe is captive to his bed for the moment, but he is not sick unto death, as

his foes imagine joyfully. He feels the strong life that is in him, and that will carry him safely through this illness. He bids his servant raise him in his bed, and cries, "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars." Four doctors and four aldermen who stand about the bed wear faces of dismay. The four doctors represent those evil-doers, the friars, who are having a hot time of it, for there is one Geoffrey Chaucer, the contemporary of this English John, and England's greatest poet of this day, who lampoons them in his poems, and of whom an anecdote has it that "in some old register" (here is the right "anecdotal" vagueness) there is this entry: "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street."

We pass to the fifteenth century, and pause at its beginning. Story is busy, and its theme is a king. The king looks out of a castle window, and in the garden below sees a lady—such a lady!—*the fairest and the freshest young flower that ever man saw*. Here is a subject to write quires upon, and the king, who is a poet, writes on it the "King's Quhair."

From a king to a prentice is a leap from the top of the social ladder to its base. We must make it; for the next picture which we get is of a prentice lad—a fact which is typical enough, for we are still in the fifteenth century, a century chiefly noted for the circumstance that in it commerce began to carry a high head. The king dies in his prime, but the prentice lives to a good old age. Here are some of the steps which he traces through his long life, according to history¹ supplemented by anecdote. He sets out from a farmhouse in the weald of Kent, he dons the dress of a London prentice, he carries lantern and cudgel at night before Master Robert Large, mercer, he comes to ply the ell-wand (this sounds somewhat grander than the yard-measure, but with the sound the magnificence ends), he becomes rich as a mercer, and turns his thoughts to literature *plus* printing. The reason why he does not turn his thoughts to literature alone is probably that he has still what one of his biographers terms "the tact of trade," which phrase sounds by just so much better than *a business head* as "ell-wand" sounds better than *yard-measure*. He translates a book, and he sets up a printing-press. It is the first printing-press set up in this country; and when one reflects on that circumstance and the setting out of the lad William Caxton, one feels one's heart kneel quite as humbly to him where he stands at

¹ Vide Collier's "History of English Literature."

the social ladder's foot as to King James throned at its top. Of all the many stories about the first of England's printers that memory dwells on, while fancy adds its touches to them, none is prettier than that in which he is pictured, like a later English printer-author, taking heart from a woman. Collier shall tell this story:

"Some months before the gorgeous ceremonies with which Duke Charles [of Burgundy] brought his English bride [Margaret Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV] to her home in Bruges, Caxton, feeling himself to have no great occupation, sat down in some quiet turret chamber to translate a French book into English. This work was 'Recueil des Histoires de Troye,' written by Duke Philip's chaplain, Raoul le Fevre. When five or six quires were written, he grew dissatisfied with his English and doubtful of his French, and so the unfinished translation lay aside for two years, tossed among his old invoices and scattered papers. One day 'my Lady Margaret,' talking to her trusty servant about many things, chanced to hear of this literary pastime, and asked to see the sheets of manuscript. When she had read them, pointing out some faults in the English, she encouraged Caxton to proceed with the translation, which he did with renewed hope and vigour."

Much of this smacks strongly of anecdote; so does much else in Collier's "History of English Literature," wherefore, no doubt, that history is such excellent reading.

We come to Tudor days, and the first story that comes to the mind is the story of an agony. A man of England's wisest and bravest is sentenced to death. One who loves him rushes forward—no halberds will hold her back—her arms are about him; he is held close, this father of Margaret. A daughter like that makes life seem worth living. Here was More's agony.

Tyndale's agony follows. The same king is reigning. The men whom he agonises bear him no grudge. "O Lord," says Tyndale at the stake, "open the King of England's eyes."

Cranmer's agony follows. One dark picture follows another. Mary reigns, and will none of Cranmer. They burn him: no, he burns himself—burning first his right hand; holding it out to the fire to punish it, as a child holds out its hand to the punisher—but with this difference, that he does the thing of his own free will, and does it like a man.

Brighter days are dawning. On the throne of England is Elizabeth, not the sweetest woman who ever lived, but also not the sourest. What is the best thing one knows of Roger Ascham, teacher and writer? Surely it is the anecdote that when the news of his death was brought to the queen, who had been his pupil, she cried out: "I would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost my Ascham."

Who is without a picture of Sir Walter Raleigh who knows the anecdote of his spreading a carpet for Queen Bess?

Who is "so literary as to know nothing of history" who has read his Spenser, and knows the anecdote according to which Spenser and Mrs. Spenser were sent flying in such hot haste from Kilcolman Castle in flames, that they—forgot their baby; an act this on their

part to some of us the most wonderful feature in a most wonderful story?

Who wants to read long pleas for Bacon who knows the story that all know? "It is," said he to some who came to ask him if the taking of bribes had been his voluntary act, "it is my act. Oh, my lords, spare a broken reed!" If any still think this broken reed is to be trampled upon, let him get certain essays and read in them "Of Truth," "Of Revenge," "Of Adversity," "Of Love," "Of Anger," "Of Vicissitude of Things," "Of Fame," "Of Death." When he has read of these eight things, the odds are that he will read of other two and fifty that are dealt with in the same essays; and when he has read all the sixty essays, the strong probability is that a great quiet will have come into his heart, and that the last thing in the world to which his thoughts will turn will be to the trampling upon any broken reed that ever was a man.

No one will need to be told the few anecdotes which make up all that we know of the greatest of the Elizabethans and England's greatest poet, excepting, indeed, such knowledge of him as we can glean from perusal of his works—works which make clear many things besides that great thing which became so clear once to an ingenuous American as to cause him to exclaim, as he rose from perusal of our poet, "There are not eleven men in Boston who could have written those poems!" The anecdotes of Shakespeare, the man, which have come down to us are such sorry stuff that even Carlyle, who could build up more on an anecdote than most men, could build up on them no more than this:

"Well; this is our poor Warwickshire peasant, who rose to be manager of a playhouse, so that he could live without begging; whom the Earl of Southampton cast some kind glances on; whom Sir Thomas Lucy, many thanks to him, was for sending to the treadmill!"

From what we can glean outside their works, we know more even of Ben Jonson than we know of Shakespeare, and what we know is more worth knowing. That is a fine story which tells how, having enlisted as a volunteer in the wars of the Low Countries, he killed his man in single combat in sight of both armies;¹ and it was bravely said, in answer to a king's taunt that the poet lived in an alley, "Tell his Majesty that his soul lives in an alley."

The Stuart Majesties did not all of them deal kindly by the men who were making literature. As devoted a friend to the Stuart cause as was Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the historian, sued in vain for leave to die in England. It was the pleasure of Charles II that he should die in France. There were—we notice this even in literature—Roundheads in those days as well as Cavaliers. Of the Roundheads an English child said of late years: "They were very ugly, and they never did anything but miserable things." Such a child should be told that the Roundhead Milton was called "the Lady" of his college, and that when the

¹ Vide Green's "Short History of the English People."

weather forbad walking he had recourse to a swing.

Many anecdotes are told of "the inspired tinker." The following, of his wife, is worth re-telling. "My lord," said Mistress Bunyan to Judge Twisden, in reply to his question "Will your husband leave preaching?"—"he dares not leave preaching so long as he can speak."

That in those days of Cavaliers and Round-heads there was a type of person who sat on the gate will be news to no one. Waller, the author of the exquisite song, "Go, lovely rose!" was of this type, and the anecdote which immortalises his caution shall not be passed over here. It is given as told in an old edition of his poems:

"The king having one day observed to Waller that he thought his poem on his return inferior to his panegyric upon Cromwell, Waller made this memorable reply: 'Sir,' says he, 'poets always succeed better in composing fiction than in adorning truth.'"

Once in a while in all countries a poet has become Society's darling. This was the case with a poet some two hundred years ago in England. Everyone then knew who was the author of the line "Music hath charms to soothe a savage beast," and every one-in-three could "go on" with that quotation. Anecdote naturally busies itself with such a poet, and of Congreve an anecdote has it that the Duchess of Marlborough, of whose household he was for some time a member, on his death caused two sculptures of him to be made, one of ivory and one of wax—the former of which was, by her directions, placed daily at her table, while the feet of the latter were, at stated intervals, blistered and rubbed by her doctors, the gentlemen learned in medicine who had treated the gouty poet. An anecdote like this makes one reflect cheerfully on the new times often called the bad, as compared with the old times almost invariably called the good. We have still duchesses, poets, and doctors, but it does not seem probable that two hundred years hence there will be a story like this to tell of them. It has somehow crept into the school-books—I have it in a school-book before me as I write, the school-book of my childhood; and have a memory that, through many years, confusing matters somewhat, after the manner of childhood, I thought of Congreve as *the poet with the feet*—his own feet, the feet of ivory, and the feet of wax.

It is pleasant to pass from such an Irishman as was he to such an one as was Steele, his contemporary, for they were born in the same decade and died in the same year. Of the many stories that have come down to us of Sir Richard, knight of the sword and pen, none approaches in fineness of quality that according to which he said of a woman that "to have loved her was a liberal education." Here is, according to Thackeray, "the finest compliment to a woman that, perhaps, ever was offered."

A greater than Steele in the estimation of

many, the man who was his "senior partner," figures in the following story, which has its admirers, and which is given in the version of one of these:

"I have sent for you," said the pious Addison on his deathbed (this excellent man died at Holland House, Kensington) to a dissolute young nobleman whom he wished to reclaim, "that you may see how a Christian can die."

The children of England, when told this story, say: "Wasn't it rather *proud* of him?"

Poets and stories crowd thick as we approach contemporary days. Only one here and there can be touched on in a paper like this. There is that story of Pope and the tall officer—in regard to which story opinions differ, some thinking that Pope got his deserts, and others thinking that an officer and a gentleman might have found other words in which to punish a poet who was a cripple.

"Can you tell me, sir," said the piqued, crippled poet to the gay, tall officer who pleased the pretty ladies—to please pretty ladies was abounding joy to the crippled poet, and here was his chance of pulling down the tall officer—"can you tell me, sir, what a note of interrogation is?"

"Is it not, Mr. Pope," replied the tall officer, pitching his voice very markedly on the interrogative note, "a little crooked thing that is always asking questions?"

Of Swift as good an anecdote as any—and how good they all are!—is that which Thackeray gives as taken from Delany.

"Being one day at a sheriff's feast, who amongst other toasts called out to him, 'Mr. Dean, the Trade of Ireland!' he answered quick: 'Sir, I drink no memories!'"

The Scotch flocked south in this eighteenth century. Here is the picture of one of them:

"A raw Scotchman newly landed in London streets was then [about 1725] the butt of every Cockney witting, and the sure prey of every city thief. . . . As he gaped along the street, his letters of introduction, which he had carefully knotted into his handkerchief, were stolen from his pocket. But he did not despair."

Despair, indeed! With his poem of "Winter" all ready and written out, and carried in his—hands. That poem fetched him twenty-three guineas. Three of them, saith the story, came from the publisher who bought it to print it, and twenty came from Sir Spencer Compton, who paid thus handsomely for just so many compliments.

In what follows is given, according to widely accredited anecdote, a true picture of the father of English novelists, Samuel Richardson, in his boyhood.

He sits surrounded by needlewomen, who sew and listen to him while he reads to them, or, better still, weaves them a story. They are not Lady Bettys, and can neither read nor write. He can do both, and is so very discreet, while so exceedingly sympathetic, that three of them get him to write their love-letters for them.

¹ William Butler, the author of "Arithmetical Questions on a New Plan," referred to in an earlier part of this paper.

Their praise of his work, like "my Lady Margaret's" of Caxton's, is a great spur to him. Years afterwards the Lady Bettys like nothing in the world so much as reading his novels, which are—all in the form of letters. Somewhat long they are, and Goldsmith improves on them in writing a novel which is not long at all. The anecdote concerning that novel is well known. A message comes to Dr. Johnson that Dr. Goldsmith wants to see him—at once. Dr. Johnson—at once—sends a guinea, and follows it in the course of time. He arrives to find that Dr. Goldsmith has been arrested by his landlady for the rent, also to find that the guinea has burnt a hole in Dr. Goldsmith's pocket. There is an open bottle of Madeira on the table. *Dr. Johnson corks it*, and he and Dr. Goldsmith hold a council, in the course of which it transpires that there is a manuscript novel in the room. This is "The Vicar of Wakefield." Dr. Johnson glances through it and a great light comes into his face, and he takes it off to a publisher, and sells it, and returns with the money, which makes of Dr. Goldsmith once more that rich man who can pay his landlady. According to a modern writer, Dr. Johnson had a "bow-wow manner"; he had a number of other characteristics, and some of them come out in a story like the foregoing.

Of Burns the stories told have filled volumes. The following, which is taken from the Rev. James White's short life of him, is a good story of his "buik":

"An old Cameronian divine gave a copy of it to Allan Cunningham's father, and said: 'Keep it out o' the way o' your children, lest ye find them, as I found mine, reading it on the Sabbath.'"

The same writer tells this story of Sir Walter Scott as illustrating the use which this writer made of everyone and everything:

"Chief Commissioner Adam, one of his greatest friends, told him one day that on his first going to St. Andrews to see a professor there, the aged doctor made him look again and again at a fine old tower. 'Till I saw that tower,' said the Professor, 'and studied it, I thought the beauty of architecture consisted in curly-wurlies, but now I find it consists in symmetry and proportion.' In the following winter 'Rob Roy' was published, and there it was written, greatly to the Commissioner's delight, that the Cathedral Church of Glasgow is a respectable Gothic structure, without any curly-wurlies."

Byron, oddly enough, is in anecdote coupled with buttons. Who does not know how a mischievous schoolmate set him wrong in his answers at school by removing from his dress the button with which it was his custom to fumble?

Of Crabbe we have, some of us, heard a terrible story; to wit, that he took his wife on long country drives, in the course of which he read to her—his poems.

In the following anecdote, which is given as told by Professor Morley, two writers of this century's youth appear:

"Referring to old days, when he was to be heard in pulpits, 'I think, Charles, you never heard me preach,' said Coleridge once. 'My dear boy,' replied Charles Lamb, 'I never heard you do anything else.'"

Some are of opinion that the best story current of Wordsworth is that according to which the folk of the Lake Country, which he loved so well, are said to have spoken of him as "mooring" about the hills.

Three great prose writers of this century's prime shall be glanced at as they figure in anecdote. Macaulay, who loved an anecdote as well as any man, and very rightly so, according to Lowell,¹ is not of the characters of the century of whom anecdotes are most numerous, but there is one which shows that, busy bee as he was, he could sting upon occasion. As the anecdote is known to me, the historian was once in a crowd in election time, and—*O tempora, O mores!*—a dead cat that was sent through the air unhatted him. An apology followed in the words: "I threw it at you, sir, by mistake; I meant it for the man beside you." To which Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay, as he replaced his hat: "I wish you had meant it for me, and had thrown it at the man beside me."

What a blow was there given!

Of all the stories told of Dickens the most pleasant to English fancy appears to be the one which tells of his boyish vision of Gadshill Place. It is too well known to bear re-telling here. Less well known is a pretty and touching story of Thackeray, the one which records his answer to the question, "Why do you hate the Irish, Mr. Thackeray?"—"Hate the Irish!" exclaimed the husband of Isabella Shawe, "Why, the thing I love best in all the world is Irish!"

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

¹ "Without anecdote," says this American, in his paper on "A Great Public Character," "what is biography, or even history, which is only biography on a larger scale?"

Wimbledon Common.

SUNWARDS the mist has lifted, long slant rays
Shimmer upon the birch leaves wet with dew,
And deck them forth, though faded now and few,
Till as with glory of great gems they blaze;
And all reluctant turns the dazzled gaze
To rest on dark green woods—with palest blue
For framing—flecked with many a brighter hue
Seen dim athwart a softening screen of haze.

On Autumn's loom the colours woven lie,
Close under foot the bloomless gorse, unstirred
By any breeze, is clasped by bracken dry;
And only o'er the dell beyond is heard,
Upon the silence breaking fitfully,
The solitary note of some far bird.

H. SWINBURN WARD.

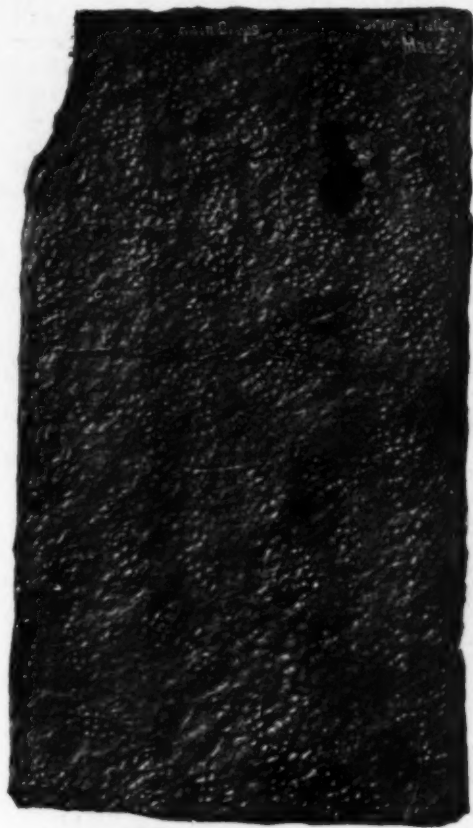
Science and Discovery.

FOSSIL RAIN-PRINTS AND RIPPLE-MARKS.

Two striking pictures of ripple-marks and rain-prints produced long ages before human history began are here reproduced from a valuable bulletin just issued by Dr. F. J. H. Merrill, director of the New York State Museum. Fossil markings of this kind are not uncommon, but they are shown with such distinctness upon the accompanying illustrations as to

of fine mud or sand deposited upon these markings would preserve their character, and when in the course of time the grains of sand became cemented together a permanent record of past conditions was obtained. These records of the rocks can thus be interpreted as clearly as can the hieroglyphics of Egypt or the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia.

Comparatively few fossils are found in rocks belonging to the geological period represented by the sand-



RAIN-PRINTS AND THE FOOTPRINT OF A REPTILE ON SANDSTONE.
Size of original slab of rock, 33 inches by 18 inches.



RIPPLE-MARKS ON SANDSTONE.
Size of original slab of rock, 43 inches by 24 inches.

impress every thoughtful mind. The pieces of sandstone upon which the marks occur are from a district in Massachusetts, and belong to what geologists describe as the Triassic system of strata. The nature of the markings shows the conditions under which the sandstone was formed. Sand was deposited in the river-beds and deltas of the past just as it is to-day. Currents in shallow water would produce ripple-marks, and if the sand were laid bare at low tide a passing shower would make impressions upon it. A coating

stone here illustrated. The most highly developed animal was one which had the form of a frog, and was as large as an ox. A footprint of a reptile of this kind can be clearly seen upon the picture of impressions produced by rain.

EXTRACTION OF IRON FROM ORES BY MAGNETS.

Every schoolboy knows that a magnet attracts some substances but not others—it will lift up a needle but

not a pin. A familiar application of this difference in behaviour of various materials towards a magnet is the workshop process of separating iron filings and turnings from brass. Professor Ewing, of Cambridge, in a recent lecture, referred to another method of turning the same idea to practical account which Edison has lately developed. It consists in employing magnets to concentrate iron ores. One of the most widely distributed ores of iron is that of which loadstone, the natural magnet, is composed. Though this particular ore is always capable of being attracted by a magnet, it is not in every case itself a magnet. Generally this ore is so much mixed up with foreign matter that it would not pay to smelt the mixture as it is found in nature. Edison first grinds the ore and then causes the ground mass to fall in a stream before the face of a strong magnet, which draws towards it the particles rich in iron and capable of attraction. So that while the useless earthy matter continues to drop straight down, the concentrated ore falls to one side and is separated out. Edison hopes in this way to unlock vast natural stores of iron which have hitherto been unavailable. The plan has already proved very successful in the United States, and as an English syndicate has taken up the matter it may soon be in full operation in this country.

AN EGG-EATING SNAKE.

In his "*Historia Naturalis*" Pliny refers to snakes which swallow eggs and break the shells by twisting their bodies. Some snakes certainly do swallow eggs, but they do not deal with them exactly in this way. A curious little egg-eating snake which is found in

in the act of doing so. That a creature not much thicker than a man's finger should be able to swallow a hen's egg seems incredible; nevertheless Mr. R. Lydekker relates that a specimen has been taken with the egg actually within its jaws, and the whole head so swollen as to render the mouth incapable of being closed. The front of the upper and lower jaws of this snake are devoid of teeth, but the creature has in its throat a number of bones which serve as teeth. These teeth split the shell of the egg as it is swallowed, and permit the contents to pass down the throat, the empty shell being rejected in two halves, which generally fit into one another.

A NEW USE FOR SAWDUST.

The lumbermen on the banks of the Ottawa have for many years found the immense quantity of sawdust which collects during the cutting of trees a source of great inconvenience. Legislation has forbidden them to simply transfer it to the river, though on several occasions the law has had to be relaxed in view of the immense accumulation of the sawdust. There now seems a probability, however, that not only has a satisfactory way of disposing of this hitherto useless bye-product been found, but a plan by which it can be turned to profitable account at the same time. Mr. V. L. Emerson, of Boston, is himself supervising the erection, at Ottawa, of an invention of his for first converting the sawdust into charcoal and afterwards using it for the manufacture of calcium carbide, the substance from which, as readers of these columns know, the new illuminant acetylene is manufactured. After the sawdust has



South Africa is represented in the accompanying illustration. This snake, which is only a couple of feet long, usually feeds on the eggs of small birds, but occasionally it robs hens' nests, and it is here shown

been converted into charcoal it is smelted with lime in an electrical furnace, and the result of the chemical reaction which takes place is the formation of the calcium carbide.

Over-Sea Notes.

Children's Libraries and Librarians. One of the newer features of American public libraries is the Children's Department. The first public library to set apart a room exclusively for children was that at Brooklyn, near Boston. This new development in library work was begun in 1890, and since then children's rooms have been established in about twenty-five public libraries. All the newer public libraries have these rooms for children. Even in the older libraries, where there is not room to set apart a department exclusively for children, increasing attention is being given to work for children; and this work is now regarded as so essential to a successful public library, that at the library school connected with the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, special courses have been established for the training of children's librarians. The aim of this department of library work is not only to supplement the work of the school teachers, but to guide the children in their reading, and in the use of books, and to interest them in their school work and their reading, by means of frequent exhibitions of pictures and portraits, taken mostly from the better class illustrated newspapers and magazines. In connection with some of the children's libraries, a series of these exhibitions is held in the course of the year. One month there is an exhibition of pictures of animals; next of flowers or birds; then exhibitions of portraits of heroes and of leaders in the great movements of history; and all through the year the bulletin boards in the children's rooms are covered with pictures of contemporary events taken from the illustrated newspapers published in New York and London. Children are admitted at many of the libraries at the age of four; and for these little people there are low tables and coloured picture-books. How important the work for children is becoming may be judged from a recent article in the "American Library Journal," written by Miss Mary Wright Plummer, who is at the head of the Pratt Institute Library, one of the largest of the Brooklyn libraries. "If," wrote Miss Plummer, addressing herself to her fellow-workers in American libraries, "there is on the library staff an assistant well read and well educated, broad-minded, tactful, with common-sense and judgment, attractive to children in manner and person, possessed, in short, of all desirable qualities, she should be taken from wherever she is, put into the children's library, and paid enough to keep her there. There is no more important work in the building; no more delicate, critical work than with children; and no work that pays so well in immediate as in far-off results."

A Dakota Reform. Through the energy and persistence of Bishop Hare, of the Episcopal Church in South Dakota, and of the Roman Catholic bishop of North Dakota, these two Western

States have at last been freed from a disgrace of long standing, which had given them a world-wide notoriety. Each American State makes its own marriage and divorce laws; and the divorce laws in the two Dakotas were more lax than in any other state in the Union. Divorces were so easy to obtain that in both of these States there were always large colonies of people in the principal towns waiting for their cases to come before the courts. The grounds of divorce were easy, and it was only necessary for a petitioner to have sojourned in one of the Dakotas for three months to enable him to claim residence, and obtain the right to appeal to the courts. In consequence of these lax conditions, the dockets of the courts were always crowded with divorce cases. In the Dakota towns there were scores of lawyers who did nothing else but carry divorce cases through the courts. They sent out agents all over the country to drum up cases; much fraud was practised; and the result of the whole system was that the Dakotas were more notorious than was the territory of Utah, when polygamy was still unchecked by the Federal Government. The Federal Government was powerless to prevent the scandal; so that whenever the evil was abolished the movement for its abolition had to come from within the States concerned. Bishop Hare led the movement for reform in South Dakota. It had to encounter the opposition of the lawyers, the hotel and boarding-house keepers, and the other interests which had profited from the divorce colonies. But in the end success attended the movement, and in 1898 the South Dakota Legislature passed an enactment sweeping away the old scandalous system. In the meantime, the Roman Catholic bishop of North Dakota was vigorously working to the same end in that State, and in 1899 the movement there was attended with the same success as in South Dakota in 1898. Not only the Dakotas, but the United States as a whole, have been freed from a corrupting scandal by the energy of the Dakota bishops.

Changes in American shopping. In 1900 the United States census will be taken. As the returns, as usual, will include statistics as to industry and commerce as well as to population, it will afford a means of measuring the great changes which have taken place in American industry and in retail trade since 1890. The reports covering these departments of industrial and commercial life will be awaited with interest; for in the decade from 1890 to 1900 the conditions of retail trade have been revolutionised, and the two closing years of this period have also witnessed the extraordinary development of the industrial trust, which is just beginning to work changes promising to be even more important and more far-reaching than those which have already taken place in retail trade.

The changes in retail trade are nearly all due to the coming of what is known in the United States as the "department store." The department store had made its appearance before 1890; but since then it has, as it were, possessed the land. Before 1890 it was established only in the large cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. During the last ten years it has pushed itself into every city of 30,000 inhabitants.

It has been greatly helped by the coming of the electric car, which also dates from about 1890. The electric car has not only made travel in the cities cheaper, quicker, and pleasanter than it was in the old days of horse traction, but it quickly led to the pushing of light railways, worked by electricity, out from the cities far into the surrounding country. In many of the cities there are electric lines extending beyond the municipal limits as far as fifteen miles; and the networks of electric lines have now become so close and connected that it is frequently possible to travel from one large city to another, even when the distance is quite long, without using the ordinary railways. For several years past it has been possible to travel from New York to Boston, a distance of 250 miles, by means of these electric railways. A journey so made involves many changes from one electric line to another. It also, of course, takes much longer time than a journey by railway. But the journey from New York to Boston can easily be made on the electric lines; and to tourists who have time to spare there is no better way of seeing the beautiful country which intervenes, and the New England towns and cities *en route*—except, perhaps, it be by bicycle.

The importance of these electric railways, in so far as they have affected the changes in retail trade, is that they are increasingly concentrating it in the cities. They build up the great stores in the cities, at the expense of the stores in the villages and smaller towns, and make it possible for a city of 40,000 inhabitants to possess stores of a size and character suitable only to much greater cities were it not for the bringing-in of the people of the outlying country by the electric railways. These railways cost much less to build and maintain than the old style of railway. Usually they follow the highways. Hills are no great drawback for engineers who are laying out a route for an electric railway. These lines can take short cuts which are not practicable in the case of ordinary railways. The working expenses are much less than those of the old-fashioned railways. And the net result of these advantages is that fares are much cheaper than on the older railways, the service much more frequent, and consequently people living in the country now make three or four journeys to the city where one sufficed when it had to be made by railway or when they had to drive.

This change in the mode of short-distance travel has gone on side by side with the change in the methods of retail trade. One change has helped the other; so much so that in some of the State Legislatures the storekeepers in the small towns and villages have petitioned against charters being granted to electric railway companies, on the ground that these

railways carried people who had money to spend to cities, and thereby built up the department stores, to the disadvantage of the country traders.

In many of the State Legislatures there has been direct interference with the department stores, in response to agitations by the smaller storekeepers in both city and country, who have found themselves losing ground. Laws have been passed imposing extra municipal or State taxation on any city storekeeper who sold more than a fixed number of lines of goods. In some States these laws have been held by the courts to be unconstitutional; in others it has been found impracticable to put them into operation; and nowhere has the change in retail-trade methods been even hindered by them.

Immense capital is embarked in these great stores, and they are usually so complete and comprehensive in their organisation that, excepting such perishables as butchers' meat, fish, and fresh vegetables and fruit, every household and personal requirement can be obtained within their four walls. The perishable goods which have been named are about the only ones which the department stores have left in the hands of the old-fashioned single-line traders.

The stores occupy the most commanding sites in the retail trading centres of all the cities. Their great buildings are more like market-places than shops. Their doors are wide open to all comers, and people walk through them as they do through a retail market. Crowds are constantly moving in and out.

In every large city there is much competition between the department stores, and it is now beyond all question that the coming of the department store has largely and permanently cut down the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price at which goods reach the purchaser. The change has necessarily wrought hardship on the old-fashioned single-line trader—on the man who formerly did a small business with comparatively high profits on each transaction. Thousands of these men have been crowded out of business. The change has also narrowed the field of the middlemen; for these great stores deal directly with the manufacturers. But, disturbing as it has been for these interests, the change is one which has added much to the purchasing power of the dollar, and to it has to be attributed the fact that the United States, notwithstanding its high tariff, is rapidly becoming one of the cheapest countries in the world to live in.

Manufacturers of pianos, bicycles, type-writers, cooking-ranges, and other articles formerly sold exclusively through agents, and usually with high profits for both manufacturers and agents, have objected to having their products sold in the department stores. They objected because, when once a piano or a bicycle had found its way into these stores and been sold on the department-store margin of profit, it was impossible for the agents to obtain the prices formerly current.

As long as bicycles were made only at a few factories and the demand for them was not general—as long as they were regarded as articles of luxury,

and not of everyday utility—bicycles were obtainable only from the agents of the manufacturers. But as soon as it was realised that bicycles were to be of everyday utility, and to come into as general use as boots and shoes, the department stores set about to include them in their stocks, and to sell them according to the principles and methods governing their business.

At the time when bicycles thus got into the department stores the retail price for wheels of well-known make was uniformly one hundred dollars. Within a couple of seasons, however, prices for the newer makes of wheels were at forty and fifty dollars. Manufacturers of bicycles of well-established reputation had quickly to follow the lead of the department stores, and since 1897 it has been possible to buy a good bicycle at prices ranging from twenty-five to forty dollars.

American trusts are older than the department store. For many years sugar, oil, and butchers' meat, to name only a few articles of everyday use, have been in the control of trusts. The Standard Oil and the Sugar Trust are now as well-established factors of American life as Congress or the President, while the Chicago combination which controls the dressed-beef trade is so far-reaching in its operation that in nearly all American cities the slaughter-house has disappeared, and the old-fashioned butcher who killed his own meat has everywhere given place to the meat-market man. There are thousands of men to-day wearing butchers' aprons in the American retail meat markets who were never present at the killing of a beast. Nearly all the slaughtering of cattle is now done at Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis, at the establishments of the great firms known as "the Big Four"; and from these places the dressed meat is sent in refrigerator railway-cars to the remotest ends of the country. The only local killing of cattle is that for use among the Jews.

These older trusts differ from those which began to come into existence in the autumn of 1898. The older trusts were organised from the inside, by men who wished to obtain a monopoly; while the great majority of the hundreds of newer industrial trusts are the work of promoters, manipulators in the world of finance, who have organised the new trusts for Stock Exchange purposes. The American people have grown accustomed to the older trusts. The new form of trusts is still in the experimental stage, and as practically all of them have been largely over-capitalised people are waiting with some foreboding for the outcome of these new industrial developments.

Two or three years may be necessary to bring out the result; but in the meantime, while these newer combinations have tended rather to increase than decrease the wages of the labouring and artisan classes, they have already brought about much displacement of the higher grades of labour.

Wealthy Vocabularies.

A German philologist writing in a recent number of a scientific magazine, says that the English language is the richest of European languages if the number of words is any criterion. He states that the increase of the English vocabulary during the past fifty years has been astonishing. Dr. Murray's new dictionary will contain 260,000 words. Next in importance comes German with 80,000 words, then Italian with 75,000, French with 30,000, and Spanish with 20,000. Among Oriental languages Arabic has the richest word store, surpassing even English. The Chinese possess 10,000 syllabic forms, which can be transposed into 49,000 words. An extremely rich language is Tamil, the language of the Dravidic races in India. It contains over 67,000 words. Osmanli Turkish has only 22,500, but, as we have seen, it is nevertheless richer than the language of Cervantes and Lope de Vega. If we turn to savage and half-savage races we find that the language of the Hawaiian islanders contains only 15,500 words. The Kafir races speak dialects with a vocabulary of 8,000 words, and the aborigines of Australia are still lower in the scale, as only 2,000 words of their language are known.

The Olfactory Nerves and Sex.

Two Members of the Paris Biological Society have been engaged in some remarkable experiments with the object of ascertaining whether the sense of smell is stronger in men or in women. Some years ago similar experiments were made in London, but the results were not satisfactory and no conclusions were arrived at. The Paris scientists seem to have been more fortunate. Forty-one men and forty-four women from the ages of 20 to 36 were experimented on. They were as far as possible all taken from the same class. Each person was experimented on separately as to the extent he or she could detect the existence of camphor in gradually weakened solutions of camphor in spirits. Several were proved to have next to no sense of smell either for camphor or for ether. The result was as follows: Out of seventy-four persons four only were unable to detect camphor in solution 1:1000. Those with a comparatively weak sense of smell were found in greater numbers among men than among women. Thirty-three men could detect camphor diluted to 9:100,000. Each of the thirty-seven women could detect it in the solution 1:100,000. This would prove that this sense is nine times as strongly developed in women as in men. Another experiment was made with solutions of varying strength of orange water, cherry water, alcoholic solutions, lemon essence, peppermint, garlic, etc. In almost all cases the women were superior to the men in their ability to sort and arrange the various solutions in the order of their strength. The French biologists are strongly of opinion that smoking and the use of strong drink injuriously affect this sense.

[From our own Correspondents.]

Varieties.

To an English friend (in French-English).

Glasgow : May 6, 1786.

A Frenchman
in the High-
lands in 1786.

"I leave the highlands with which I have been very much entertained, but that is nothing to the pyrenees, and to many parts of our highlands, no timber wood, but small copse, no cultivation upon a good footing by these poor highlanders, none of those fine pieces of meadows, with small houses and cow-houses, and dairies, etc. : on the other side (hand) no such thing in Europe as those fine lochs, those views of the sea which fill up the botom (bottom) of long valleys and adorn a wild, romantic and often sublime scenery—which speak to the soul and rise your ideas to the level of their light and pure atmosphere. I have not the time to speak of loch lomond (*sic*), I would tell a great deal about my good friends, the poor, but honest highlanders, I like them, never I saw such civility,—without the shadow of servility, such plain frankness without the least rudeness, such a vanity to be an old unconquered people, without any proudness, such a poverty with such a cleanness, and such contentment. They wish nothing else but that you would let them alone and your hellish law about shooting (game laws) takes away from them their delight and one of their resources ; for to ask from them two guineas is to ask that they travel in the moon ; you will (wish) to civilise them, they are civilised people ; do you pretend (wish) to teach them to be happy, they want not your so long series of comforts ; a little whiskey, that is all ; poor and good people ! they have masters now and they deserve more than any people to be free. I was yet rather unfortunate in the highlands, I had upon me a dreadful pain on my side with a pretty good fever but I went on, alwaies (always) upon my horse and for a little (I was nearly) drowned in a navigation (a sail) I made alone of two days. I wish you happiness and good health and less laziness. You may write to Holyhead. I believe you have time."—*Communicated by M. Betham Edwards.*

British Association
for the
Advancement
of Science.

The next meeting of the British Association will have an international character. It is to meet at Dover, the week commencing September 13, under the Presidency of Professor Michael Foster, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Secretary of the Royal Society. Among the Vice-Presidents are the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Salisbury, Dean Farrar, and other eminent men. An interchange of visits has been arranged with the French Association for the Advancement of Science, which will hold its meeting this year at Boulogne. The members of the French Association will visit Dover on Saturday, September 16 ; and it is proposed that a formal reception of the visitors shall take place in the morning before the proceedings of the sections begin, which they are invited to attend. The members of the British Association are invited to visit Boulogne on the following Thursday. A large attendance of the most eminent men of science in

America, and on the Continent, may be expected. The mayors and corporations of Dover and Canterbury, the military authorities of the South-Eastern District, and the leading scientific and educational institutions will take part in the entertainment of the Association. The castle, docks, and national harbour works will be open for inspection during the meeting. Excursions will be arranged to places of interest in the neighbourhood of Dover, and there will be special geological excursions in the afternoons. Excursions will also be arranged to Calais and Ostend, and a longer one to towns of Northern France and Belgium at the conclusion of the meeting.

The Seventh
Day.

The physical advantages are that each seventh day is withdrawn from that arduous labour of body and of brain which would otherwise wear out the physical and mental powers ; that man is rescued from his toil for the purpose of refreshing and husbanding his powers, so that every week he may recommence his work with renewed and invigorated energy. This is the physical benefit ; and no man can venture to say how much of the successful industry, how much of the wealth, how much even of the greatness of this country, is due to the continual supply of strength which is chiefly maintained by this important institution. But the moral benefit is infinitely greater. The consecration of this day to God withdraws man once a week from the contemplations of secular and earthly things, and invites him, with a call which every man must hear, though all may not regard, to remember his eternal interests—to recollect that he is a spiritual being with an immortal soul ; and that this world, its pleasures, its labours, its objects, and its gains are not the only things for the sake of which he has been born into the universe.—*Lord Selborne.*

Matthew
Arnold.

"When I come to ask what Mr. Arnold's poetry has done for this generation, the answer must be that no one has expressed more powerfully and poetically its spiritual weaknesses, its craving for a passion that it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that it fails to accept, its sympathy for a peace that it does not know."—*Richard Holt Hutton.*

Cockney.

More than one popular derivation has been given for this word. The laughable one, which connects it with *cock* and *neigh*, was seriously proposed in the seventeenth century ; and the other, which makes it mean a dweller in the land of Cockaigne, *i.e.* the land of luxury and idleness, has also received a certain amount of favour. The true derivation is carefully reasoned out in the Oxford English Dictionary and supported by quotations. The first sense appears to be "an egg," especially a small egg, such as are called in some places "cock's eggs," and an old saying current in Surrey is quoted, "When the cock lays eggs, then the hen lays rashers of bacon."

From this sense we pass on to that of "a cockered child," a pet; hence "an effeminate fellow," and sometimes "an affected, squeamish woman." From this it is applied to inhabitants of towns, contrasting their effeminacy with the robust habits and bearing of country people. All these senses have gone out of use, and there remains only the well-known one of "a London man," a dweller in the biggest of towns. It may be added that the dictionary confirms the exact definition, that a cockney is one born within the sound of Bow bells.

Donkey. Who would believe it, if they did not read it in print (and some people won't believe even then), that this familiar word is little more than a hundred years old? Further, no distinct account can be given of its origin; perhaps it is a cutting-down of *Duncan*, written (if not sounded) so as to resemble *monkey*. All that can be said is that, beginning as a slang word, it has worked itself into respectability, so as to be applied as an epithet to one of the lords of creation.

Farces. Farce signifies a comical, laughter-provoking piece on the stage, and has itself a sufficiently comical history. There was formerly a word *farce* which meant stuffing; this is now changed into *force*, as in *force-meat*. Now in chanting the epistle, and sometimes other portions of the Latin service, it was customary in France to introduce or stuff in between the Latin sentences forms of exhortation in French. Also in the religious dramas the actors were allowed to introduce something extempore of their own, just as modern actors occasionally do in an ordinary performance. The object of these extempore additions was usually to provoke mirth, and hence the name was applied generally to a comic piece. Ecclesiastical writers in giving an account of the services above mentioned retain the word, but spell it *farse*.

The Ivy Campanula. The favourite campanula in our islands is the harebell, and dull indeed to the sensations of the beautiful must be he who does not feel its charm; but if its small and much frailer relative the ivy campanula were more common in Britain it would probably have endeared itself to the natural mind more than any of the bell-flowers. There is perhaps nothing more exquisitely and delicately beautiful in nature than this humble little plant of the rills and ditches. The flower closely resembles the harebell, but it is smaller and the bell is much less open. It appears to be attached to the end of a thread that starts from a trailing stem, around which are clustered little leaves somewhat resembling in shape those of the ivy, but of the very palest green, especially in early summer. This peculiar greenness of the leaves and intricate pedicels harmonises perfectly with the pale blue flowers, which at a little distance appear to hover over the plant and to be attached to nothing. Ever graceful and beautiful, the ivy campanula is scarcely less delightful to look on when pressed and dried than when found full of life on the margin of some creeping rill by a wood. It is a strangely local

plant. It may be found abundantly in any spot, or it may be searched for in vain over wide tracts of country. It is drawn towards the west by a force that no one understands, and although it seeks the well sheltered brook and the damp glen it also loves to be near the Atlantic.

A Snake Story. I alighted one day at a small railway station in the Central Provinces of India. The Hindoo station-master with a salaam said: "Newman sahib was here yesterday and killed a large 'cobra' on the platform." "Oh, indeed, what length was it?" "From here to there, sir," showing a distance from post to wall. "It was not as big as that," said his assistant, who was standing by, "it was only so long," pointing to a shorter distance. "Sahib can see it for himself, for it was only thrown over the fence." I did see it, and by actual measurement it was found to be three feet eight inches in length only. The assistant's estimate measured twelve feet and the station-master's was no less than nineteen feet six inches. Also the snake was not a cobra, but one of the whip kind. Truly deviations from fact, together with an elastic imagination, form no inconsiderable share of a native's idiosyncrasy.—E. B. Beardmore.

Astronomical Notes for August. The Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 4h. 25m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 47m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 40m. and sets at 7h. 30m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 56m. and sets at 7h. 10m. The Moon will be New at 12m. before noon on the 6th; enters her First Quarter at 6m. before noon on the 14th; becomes Full at 4h. 45m. on the morning of the 21st; and enters her Last Quarter at 3m. before midnight on the 27th. She will be in apogee or farthest from the Earth about 10 o'clock on the evening of the 6th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about half-past 9 o'clock on that of the 20th, when exceptionally high tides may be expected. The only special phenomena due this month will be the Perseids or meteors radiating from the constellation Perseus, which are always to be seen in more or less abundance during the second week of August, especially on the nights of the 9th and 10th, when the Moon, being this year only a few days past the New, will not interfere much with their visibility. The planet Mercury will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 19th, and will therefore not be visible this month after its first few days, when it may perhaps still be seen in the evening for a short time after sunset. Venus rises not long before the Sun at the beginning of the month, and towards its close will cease to be visible. Mars has become a faint object, and will soon set too early after sunset to be visible; he will be in conjunction with the crescent Moon a little before setting on the 10th. Jupiter sets now soon after 10 o'clock in the evening and earlier as the month advances; he is still in the eastern part of the constellation Virgo. Saturn remains near the north-eastern boundary of Scorpio, and is visible in the south-western part of the heavens in the evening, setting soon after midnight at the beginning of the month and earlier afterwards.—W. T. LYNN.

The Lay of the "Van der Kemp."

A MORAL POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR.

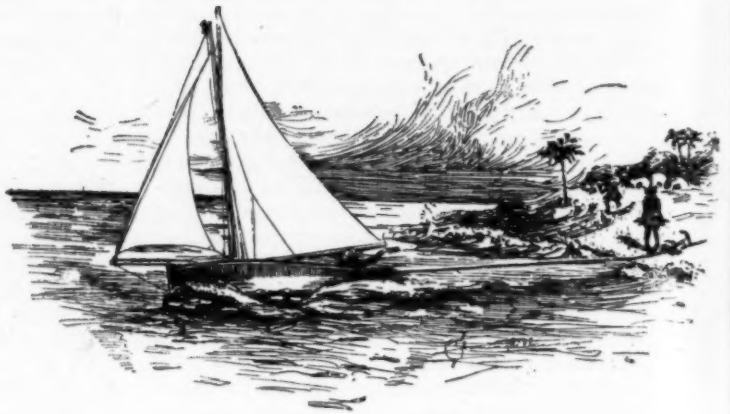


LITTLE ship named *Van der Kemp*,
Too tiny to be wise,
Was by her captain found attempt-
Ting to soliloquise.

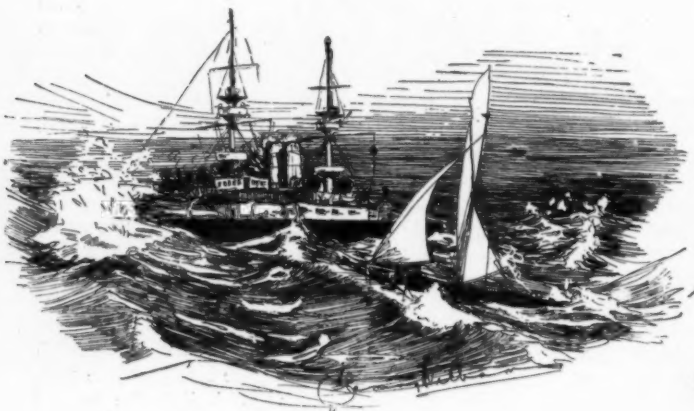
Said she—for ships are always she
No matter what their name—
And Van der Kemp you know was he—
"I mean to sail for fame.

"And fame is found the whole
world round,
So round the world I'll go;
And if I ever run aground
I'll take the ground in tow.

"And o'er the much astonished
seas
So fiercely will I sail,
That every gale shall be a breeze
And every breeze a gale.



TAKING THE LAND IN TOW.



EVERY GALE A BREEZE.

"I'll sweep them all with swooping swirl,
Exploring each in turn,
With pride my captain's hair shall curl,
With joy his heart shall burn.

"Pacific and Atlantic
And Carribbean Sea,
Or Polar scenes romantic
Shall be the same to me.



THE CAPTAIN'S HAIR CURLS.



LUNCHING WITH THE MIKADO.

"(He shall sleep in Colorado
And breakfast in Japan,
He shall lunch with the Mikado
And dine—with whom he can).

"And when I'm old I'll try to find,
At Birmingham or Brest,
A little dock with comforts lined,
In which to take my rest."

So sang the boastful little ship,
Which cost but pennies two,
And yet she never made a trip
Upon the ocean blue.

Because, while mapping out a path
To glory and renown,
She toppled over in a bath,
And foundered upside down!



FINIS.

The Fireside Club.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

I.
From *this port* ships go sailing forth,
To cross the seas of the stormy north.

II.
Look on the map and see *them* stand,
The back-bone of a mighty land.

III.
Those who come *here* live as the dead,
Joy is behind them, Hope has fled.

IV.
These stretch unending, mile on mile,
Where winter's wind the snow doth pile.

V.
This holy thing is ne'er forgot
In palace royal or peasant's cot.

VI.
Near it, and dearly treasured, behold her picture
stand,
As good as she is beautiful, the *Lady of the Land*.

THE WHOLE.

From climes of burning summer, to pallid lands of
snow,
This Empire spreads unbroken, and farther yet
may go.

*A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS offered for the best brief
answer in rhyme to the above Acrostic.*

A SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

*The answers to this Acrostic will all be opened on
the same day, August 21, and should more than one
prove correct, that first examined will receive the prize
of FIVE SHILLINGS.*

I.
"I hold ambition of so airy and . . . a quality, that
it is but a shadow's shadow."

II.
"Playing, whose end, both at the first and now,
was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature;
to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,
and the very . . . and body of the time his form and
pressure."

III.
"O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more . . .!"

IV.
"Thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffets and . . .
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

V.
"I know love is begun by . . ."

VI.
"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!
how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how . . .
and admirable! in action how like an angel! in ap-
prehension how like a god!"

VII.

"What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to . . . and feed? A beast, no more."

THE WHOLE.

This is . . .
A very noble youth."

Find each of the omitted words, giving Act and Scene for each quotation, and choosing some short passage as most descriptive of the character of the whole.

ANSWERS FOR JUNE (p. 544).

GREAT PIONEERS.—PRIZE ANSWER.

I.

First MARCO POLO, with his tales so dear to young and old,
Of Khubla Khan, and Prester John, and distant lands of gold.

II.

Next CARTIER, who for France endured Canadian winter's frost,
And thrice at her supreme behest th' Atlantic ocean crossed.

III.

MAGELLAN, who through icebound straits led his unwilling fleet,
And perished on an eastern isle, his work but half complete.

IV.

Of spotless fame our LIVINGSTONE, wielding the Spirit's sword,
He laboured for no earthly gain, the servant of the Lord.

V.

Brave CAPTAIN COOK o'er southern seas the English pennon flew,
And perished under southern skies, to English honour true.

VI.

As long as stand those Continents washed by the Western sea,
AMERIGO VESPUCCI'S name will ne'er forgotten be.

L. HARDING, Vellore, St. Mary's Church, Torquay.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

The quotations of the June Acrostic were all made from MACBETH, the initial letters of the omitted words spelling the name of the Play itself. The words were:

Murder . . .	Act Three, Scene Four.
Amen . . .	Act Two, Scene Two.
Curses . . .	Act Five, Scene Three.
Birnam . . .	Act Five, Scene Five.
Earth . . .	Act One, Scene Three.
Title . . .	Act Five, Scene Two.
Heart . . .	Act Five, Scene Two.

CHARACTER OF MACBETH.

"Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side."—Act I, Scene 7.

The first correct answer came from

CH. THOMSON, 19 Morningside Road, Hampstead Road, N.W.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

Contributed by our readers. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best each month.

How to Rest. Our age seems to be learning to call things by their right names. We have Sir Robert Finlay explaining in Parliament that "present" means "present." Sir John Herschel, according to a paragraph in the last "Leisure Hour," now simply says that "the earth is earth-shaped," instead of calling it learnedly an "oblate spheroid"; and a doctor, writing in the "Nineteenth Century," and referring incidentally to the question of how to rest, no longer tells us, as the athletic school have till recently taught, that a change of occupation is sufficient rest, but declares that rest, to be worth having, must *be* rest. Absolute cessation, not a change, of exertion, and, preferably, a day or more in bed. In the pages of a recent number of the "Academy," among the advices of various literary men as to how to enjoy a holiday, some one, I forget who, emphasises this wise doctrine and says if your holiday be spent in paying visits, go first, while you are still tired, to friends so intimate that you need not exert yourself in fatiguing politenesses, but can lie on the grass in the sun, and sleep as long as you choose.

Lotus-Eating. The lotus-eaters knew the true inwardness of resting. It is not laziness but common sense for our thousands of tired business men and housewives to sit them down

"upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
. . . eating the lotus day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray."

Unceasing toil is the direst of mistakes, life all spent in earning what there is no life left to use. This crowning summer month is by common consent one of relaxation from labour, and the scattered members of the Fireside Club cannot do better than spend it in real rest, not hotly pursuing pleasure by road or rail; let them rather "cease from wanderings" and

"hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"

Topic prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded this month to K. M. SHAW, Via Palestrog, Florence, Italy.

All readers, being considered members of the FIRESIDE CLUB, are invited to send in answers to all Competitions or paragraphs for our Tea-Table Topics. All answers must be received by the 20th of the month. Write "FIRESIDE CLUB" outside the envelope, and address to the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.